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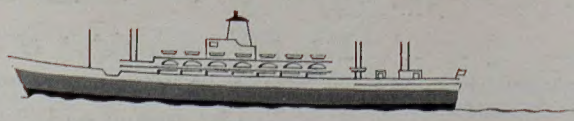

Volume CCXXXIV No. 3045

The SPHERE, London, August 9, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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THE QUEEN IS WELL AGAIN—AT GOODWOOD, HER MAJESTY MAKES HER FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AFTER HER THREE-WEEK ILLNESS : She is accompanied by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon during her visit to the course for the last two days of the Goodwood meeting, when she stayed at Arundel Castle. Owing to her attack of catarrhal sinusitis, the Queen, on the advice of her doctors, had to remain at Buckingham Palace for much of July and consequently cancel a number of engagements.

Cheers from a large crowd greeted the Queen last week when she arrived at the Goodwood meeting to make her first public appearance after her three-week illness. On the previous day she had been welcomed by people outside Buckingham Palace when she went for a short drive through London. The Queen was taken ill early in July at the end of the Royal visit to Scotland. She remained in the Royal train during the journey to London and the Duke of Edinburgh carried out the visit which the Queen was to have made to Carlisle. Her Majesty had an attack of acute catarrhal sinusitis and was advised to cancel her engagements for the immediate future. Other members of the Royal Family fulfilled the engagements which had been arranged for the Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh travelling alone to Wales for the Empire and Commonwealth Games. Illness also prevented the Queen from making her own speech at Cardiff to announce that she had decided to create Prince Charles Prince of Wales. Instead, a recording was made at Buckingham Palace and relayed at the concluding ceremony of the Games. Last Thursday the Queen and the Duke with the Royal children had arranged to sail for a cruise in H.M.Y. *Britannia* up the West Coast before going to Balmoral for their holiday. (Pictures from Goodwood are on pages 186–187.)

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A GREAT BRITISH YACHTING VICTORY: *Tania* (Britain) leads four other yachts in the third race in the series at Bembridge, Isle of Wight, for the Coupé Etienne de Ganay, which France held. The match was won by Britain after victory in each of the first three races against France. The event was over the best of five races.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

To the Summit.—It is wise to leave to the last possible moment any commentary on the Summit talk prospects. There has been all too little evidence of unanimity on the part of the Western powers or sincerity on the part of the Eastern dictator to encourage the certainty that it would take place in early August, and obviously some light might be expected from the deliberations of the Bagdad powers in London. (But little enough to comfort Mr. Khrushchev, as it proved.) The ignorant millions of all nations who cry out for a Summit conference and expect some sort of prize rabbit to be conjured from that top hat, have already begun to ask if the road to the summit leads uphill all the way and if Mr. Khrushchev's switches from one proposal to another are any more constructive or genuine than an exploitation of their hopes and a successful campaign to divide the Western powers and to convince the world that the democracies want to sabotage peace. Certainly his skill in this game of tennis—the rapid exchange of notes—has been outstanding. Since July 19 he has vollied and switched, used his forehand and backhand, at the net and the base line, and only Macmillan on the opposite side has kept up a steady base-line game. The West argues that the Summit conference can be best held under U.N. rules and can only be valuable and only have a chance of success after careful exploratory preparation.

Russia in a Hurry.—Mr. Khrushchev at the moment carries majority world opinion with him in arguing that unless it takes place at once, it is doomed to fail to scotch the crisis. And even some sections of the British Press—forgetful of the history of such conferences in the past—ask what is the use of wordy arguments in writing on an occasion like this, when the conference itself is designed for that very purpose. At the moment of writing, it must be admitted, the waiting world is less inclined to question Mr. Khrushchev's "sincerity" than that of Mr. Dulles, General de Gaulle and even Mr. Macmillan. But, it is to be noted with interest, that the Opposition party in Britain for once does not agree with world opinion. Mr. Khrushchev's extraordinary fireworks have succeeded in uniting Britain politically at last on that issue. We are left to wonder if the Iraqi Summit conference is any nearer than the now half-forgotten Nuclear Summit conference. All the same, the delays are giving that desired breathing-space in the Middle East which it was hoped the conference would secure. Judged only as a game, these summit negotiations are one more clear proof of the advantage which a lone player—a dictator—enjoys over a committee of democratic opponents who must forever consult with the Governments of a Commonwealth or with jealous party-political interests at home.

Prince of Wales.—The Queen must have felt particular disappointment that her long and tiresome illness prevented her from personally announcing to the people of Wales and the Empire athletes her decision to create Prince Charles Prince of Wales. It was a well-kept secret designed as a particularly pleasant surprise to be released at a very appropriate moment, and the Queen would have enjoyed announcing it. The new Prince of Wales receives his honour earlier than most heirs to the throne in modern times. Only King Edward VII received it in infancy. King Edward VIII was some years older than Prince Charles and for him were revived in Coronation year 1911 the ancient ceremonies of presentation at Caernarvon Castle, which had lapsed for centuries and were revived at the instance of Lloyd George. In his *King's Story*, he reveals how he detested the ceremony, the fantastic costume, the few words of Welsh memorised for his speech, the showmanship which he feared his naval friends would find ridiculous. It was Queen Mary who, with her usual good sense smoothed his ruffled feelings. "Your friends," she said, "will understand that as Prince of Wales you are obliged to do certain things that may seem a little silly." Perhaps when Prince Charles' turn comes for Caernarvon, the protocol will be restricted. He, too, like his great-uncle, probably "recoils from anything tending to set him up as a person requiring homage." But, still as ever, *noblesse oblige*.

Cuddesdon Palace.—The palace of the Bishops of Oxford, Cuddesdon, near Wheatley, is to be demolished by decision of the Church Commissioners, Bishop Carpenter agreeing. The palace was for nearly 300 years lived in by the Bishops of Oxford, but no Bishop has occupied it in the last twenty years, though it has been a centre for theological students. It was not a very interesting building and I can vouch for it that it was difficult to warm. I never understood why Bishop Gore elected to occupy it in 1911, having refused to live at Hartlebury when appointed Bishop of Worcester in 1902 and having found great comfort in two ugly villas in Worcester and Edgbaston during his earlier bishoprics. He hated the cold more than most men and shivered in Cuddesdon. But he realised that Oxford did not want to have its Bishop in the city, and Cuddesdon was no doubt a better jumping-off place for his endless and tiring car-journeys over the half-dozen counties comprised in his sprawling See. At least he enjoyed his walks round Cuddesdon, and his butler was happy, unearthing Roman remains in the grounds. The palace was recently badly damaged by fire and the decision to pull it down is probably wise.

Precedent and Precedence.—The silly season is upon us and I allow myself the luxury of honouring it. I refer to that glorious argument propounded by *The Times*, I think, that the decision to accord to life peers' children the title of "honourable," on the law lords' precedent, was well justified by preventing life peers from being humiliated by regarding themselves as "inferior" peers. Let us set down an imaginary conversation between an hereditary and a life baron, if the law lord precedent had *not* been followed.

HEREDITARY PEER: My dear fellow, I congratulate you on joining our ranks.

LIFE PEER: It is hardly a cause for congratulation; rather it is a humiliation. I had supposed that my services to the country had entitled me to join your illustrious body as an equal. But what do I find?

Your children are entitled to go in to dinner before baronets and their ladies—No. 49 in the Table of Precedence. Mine may be still relegated to the lowest seats at the feast, as esquires (No. 84) or even mere gentlemen (No. 85 and last). I feel the humiliation very bitterly.

HEREDITARY PEER: I see your point and it is a serious one.

LIFE PEER: It is worse than a crime: it is a blunder.

Life is short and we shall soon be dead—and forgotten. In Heaven, the table of precedence is drawn up on different values. The world we live in changed very little in social protocol for a century and more before 1914. Then it was turned upside down, and in the last fifty years, some think, has become unrecognisable with the pre-war world. It is the age of democracy and equality for men and nations, of streamlined machines and moon-rockets. But still high authority clings to the Shibboleths and protocol of Victorianism, still insists on the clothes of ceremony of the barouche age, still takes seriously the "Order of going in to dinner" set forth by Garter King, and seriously believes that our place among the nations of influence can be improved by strict adherence to such protocol.

Dead Sea Fruit.—Don't charge me with sour grapes. I have been looking into that *Table of Precedence* and I find to my astonishment that many years ago a stroke of the Royal pen lifted me in the table from No. [illegible] (younger sons of knights) to the dizzy height of No. [illegible] entitling me, in the rush for dinner, to shoulder out [illegible]

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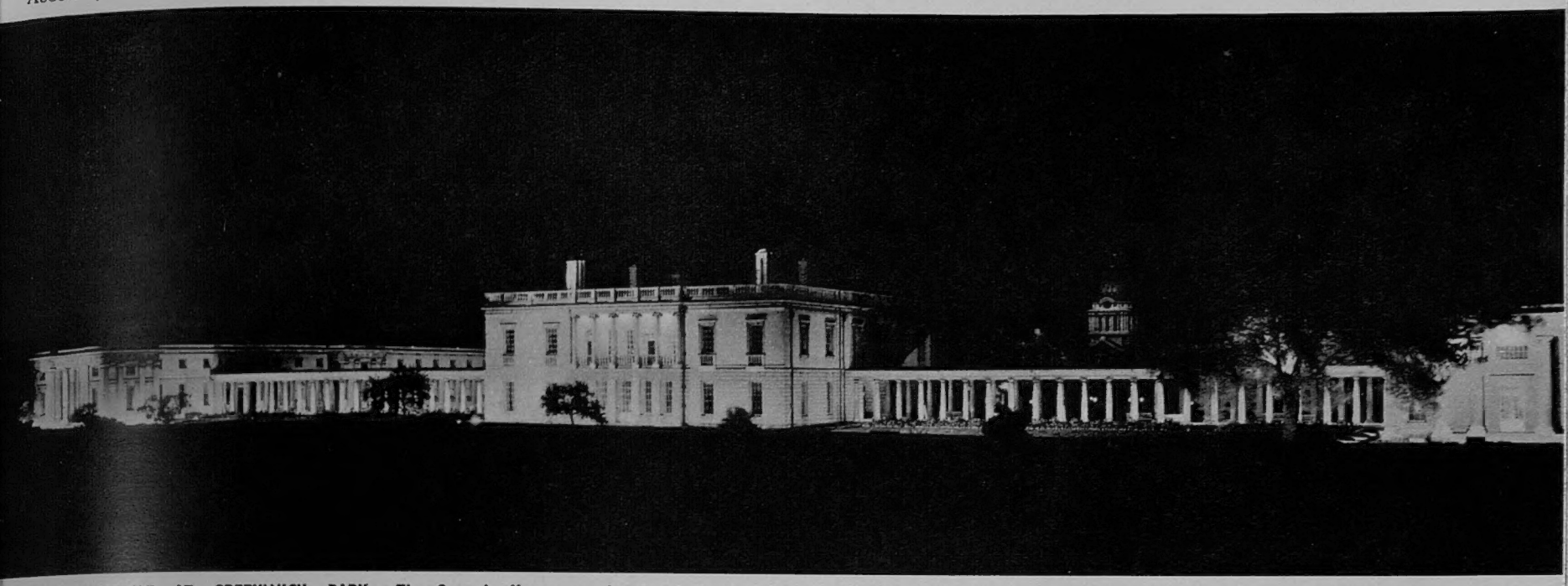


FLOODLIT SPECTACLE AT GREENWICH PARK: The Queen's House at the Royal Naval College is floodlit during the presentation of *Son et Lumiere*. Introduced in Britain last year, the spectacle was attended by more than 130,000 people and was awarded the British Travel and Holidays Association trophy as the outstanding tourist attraction of the year. *Son et Lumiere*, as the title implies, combines sound and light. This year at Greenwich the narration is by Charles Laughton.

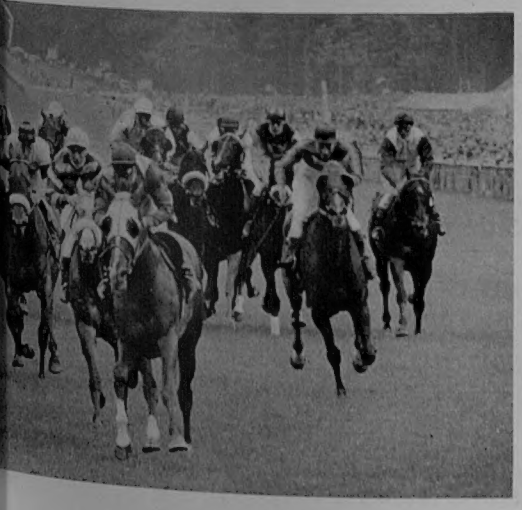
eldest sons of the younger sons of peers," the eldest ns of baronets and garter knights and a score more of portant people, including all mere "gentlemen," some whom, no doubt, would make no fight to resist my ecedence! The tragedy of it is that since that day of romotion, no one has asked me out to a dinner where e protocol obtains, and those who have asked me to ne informally do not appear to recognise my rights. hey treat me contemptuously as a gentleman and I get nly a gentleman's portion of the menu. Do you some-mes wonder if Mount Olympus will be split by the Homeric ughter of the Gods, whose sides must long since have lit at the antics of our native antiquarians in this era of omic upheavals? Be sure that the first man to reach e moon from Britain will be wearing a top hat nd sponge-bag trousers and spats and will claim the ecedence, if it be his due, of the "eldest son of a unger son of a peer." If he gets back to earth, can be pretty sure of going in to dinner No. 62 .B.E.), a rise of 14 points. The silly season lasts elve months every year.

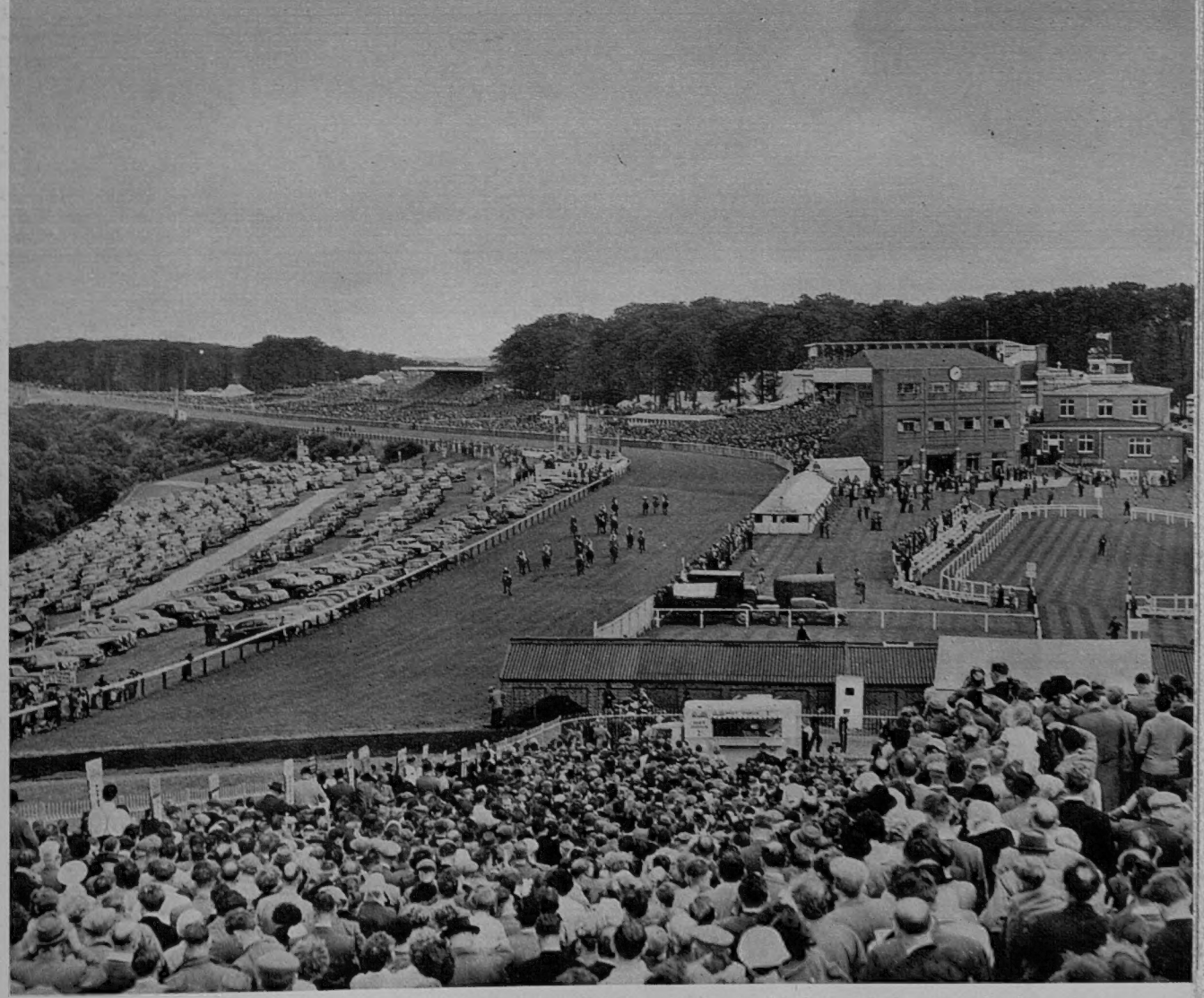
Empire Games.—Much else of interest being ashed out by our autumnal summer, I tried out a new V (on approval) with a viewing of the Empire Games, e first "Prom." and a political travelogue of the Middle ast. The "Prom." was an unqualified success. The sual pleasure which so greatly adds to the aural pleasure rived from a great orchestra in action, is totally restored. he political travelogue was noisy and one is made aware a present weakness of TV and broadcasting—the tone nd manner of speech of all interviewers: pompous, too fined and rather patronising, when not sickeningly dulatory. But there is time for improvement, for the edium is still conscious of its artificiality. As for the mpire Games, it was the final day, and naturally prize-ving and interviews occupied too much time. The com-etitors seemed highly emotional. Squeezing and kissing ne another was the order of the day, but it was all very nocent and I would rather watch the little heroes of an our taking themselves seriously on a sports arena than a political rostrum. And I found the kissing and ueezing rather pleasant and touching, after the glumness the tennis stars and test cricketers.

Not Cricket.—Lovers of cricket, unless August is oudless, will write off the summer of 1958 as the greatest emy of cricket for decades. All the clubs, from the .C.C. downwards to the smallest village club, must be in sperately low water, and water is the key word. The gate-drawing fixtures on which so much depends for survival, have been washed out or decimated. The Test Matches have proved financially and otherwise a flop, and five-day Tests have taken much of the point from the County Championship. Surrey, in particular, suffers from the loss of its stars, and a team, like Hampshire, lacking "seeded" players, enjoys great advantages. The Eton-Harrow fixture showed a further tendency to be neither a fashion parade nor a popular school match. The Gentlemen-Players fixture promised an all-star cast and some genuine interest, but one by one the stars faded out and the rain (of course) came. Arundel Castle, the home of the "lost cause" of sporting, light-hearted cricket, has enjoyed about one fine day for its money-winning fixtures, and the local clubs, not only in my county, have "turned out between showers." My county, too, was lately at the foot of the table, but will surely climb a good deal higher now that one or two of its amateur stars can play holiday cricket.

Return of the Crossbills.—Last month we were treated to a rare pleasure. A party of forty crossbills settled on our spruces and firs, and some of them gave us a close-up view of their gay colouring, red and yellow, as they settled on the topmost branches surrounding the house, and stripped the fir-cones, calling their insistent "Chip! chip!" In twenty-five years we had only once seen them before, when a cock and three hens stayed with us a couple of hours. Their visits to Sussex are always mere stagings. In Scotland they live and breed, and sometimes in the eastern counties; ours, no doubt, are foreign visitors and always they prefer the spruces to the firs. They are clumsy birds which settle on trees like small parrots, and I suppose the greenfinch is the finch they most nearly resemble, but their bills are unmistakable. We enjoyed their visit, as we seldom observe a rarity, though the redstarts nested in our garden last year for the only time in my memory. Even a hawfinch and a nuthatch are rarities with us, though we are a densely-populated area for all the tits, wrens, chaffinches, jays and magpies. But swallows can find no materials for building under our eaves.

THE OLD STAGER



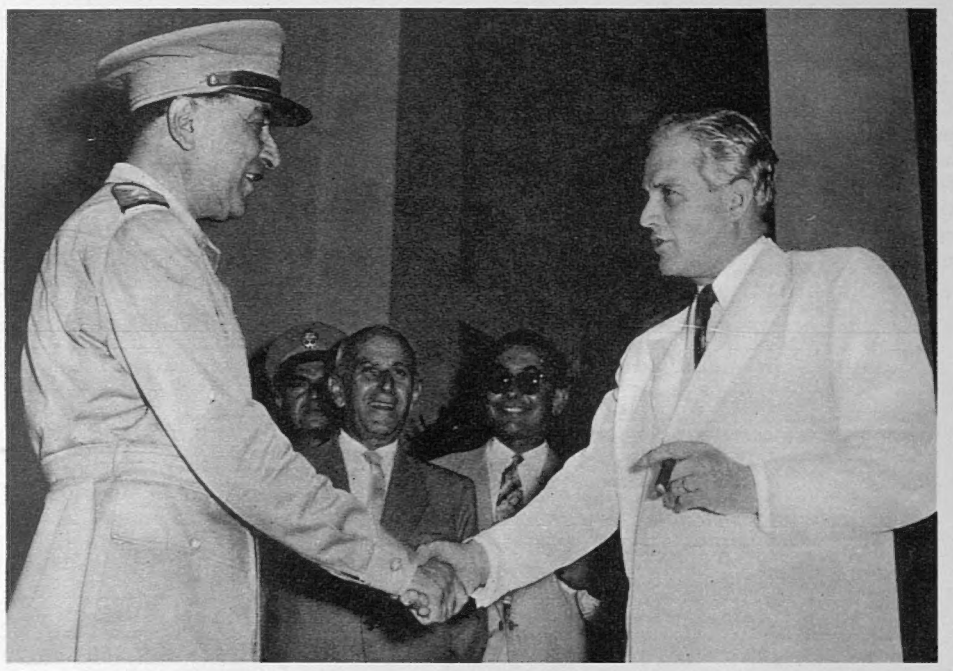


RACING AT GOODWOOD: The meeting opened with the victory of Hatton Garden in the Craven Stakes, seen in the picture taken from Trundle Hill. *On left*—A surprise came when Epaulette (hooded) won the Stewards' Cup by a length. Top weight and outsider, Epaulette was the first seven-year-old to win the race since 1900.

MIDDLE EAST CRISIS

Scenes in the Trouble Spots of Lebanon, Jordan, Iraq and Cyprus

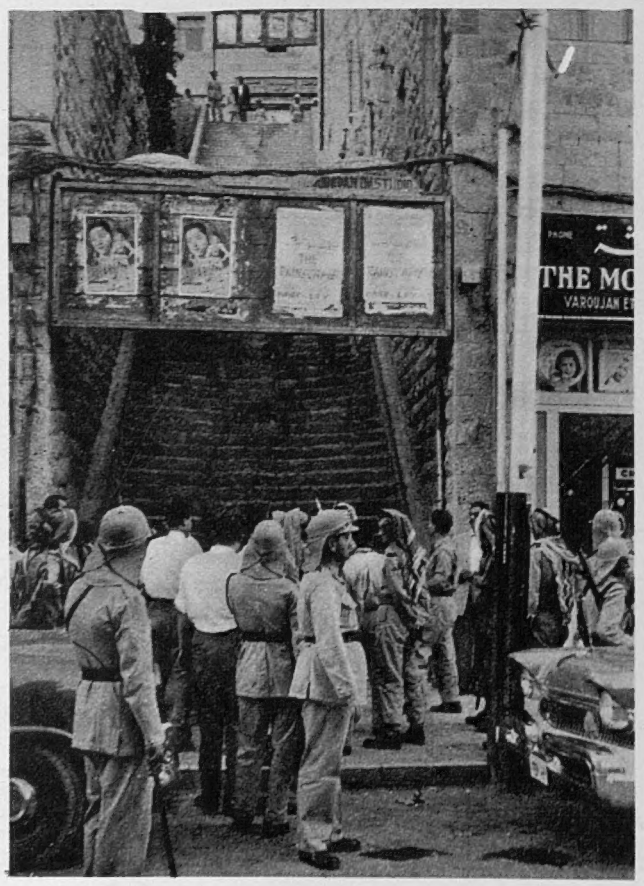
On left—
AFTER THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE PRIME MINISTER OF LEBANON: In the centre is the wreckage of a car which was blown by explosives off a road near Mokalles, 15 miles from Beirut. In the left foreground, and on the right, are parts of a stationary car which had been packed with dynamite and detonated by rebels. Their objective had been the car in which the Prime Minister, Sami Solh, was travelling to the capital. Apparently the assassins set off the electric charge a matter of seconds too early. The force of the explosion hit a private car which was driving a few yards ahead of the Prime Minister and hurled it into a ravine below the road. The five people in it were killed, one of them believed to be a girl aged about six. It was reported that a member of the Prime Minister's escort was wounded when the rebels opened fire after their unsuccessful attempt on Mr. Solh. The fire was returned and the ambushers withdrew. Mr. Solh himself escaped with bruises and shock, although his car was hit by bullets and splinters from the explosion. A few hours later he kept an official engagement in the capital. This was a luncheon in honour of Mr. Murphy, United States Under-Secretary

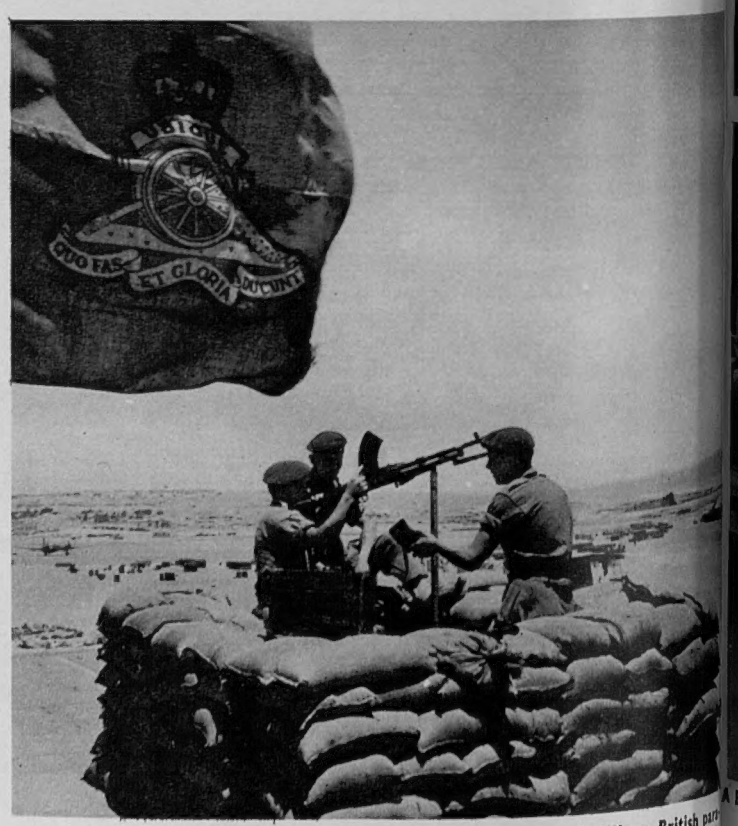


INCOMING AND OUTGOING PRESIDENTS OF LEBANON: After his election as President, General Fuad Chehab (left), the Commander-in-Chief of the Lebanese Army, is congratulated by President Chamoun, the retiring President. The new Head of State was voted into office by the members of the Chamber with forty-eight votes against seven for his only rival, Raymond Edde. The result of the election showed that the General has considerable support among the rebels. The two chief rebel leaders, Saeb Salam and Kemal Jumblatt, are not members of Parliament, but their representatives voted for General Chehab and it is believed that before the election he had agreed to adopt certain points of their policies. These include the withdrawal of the American troops from Lebanon and Constitutional reform.

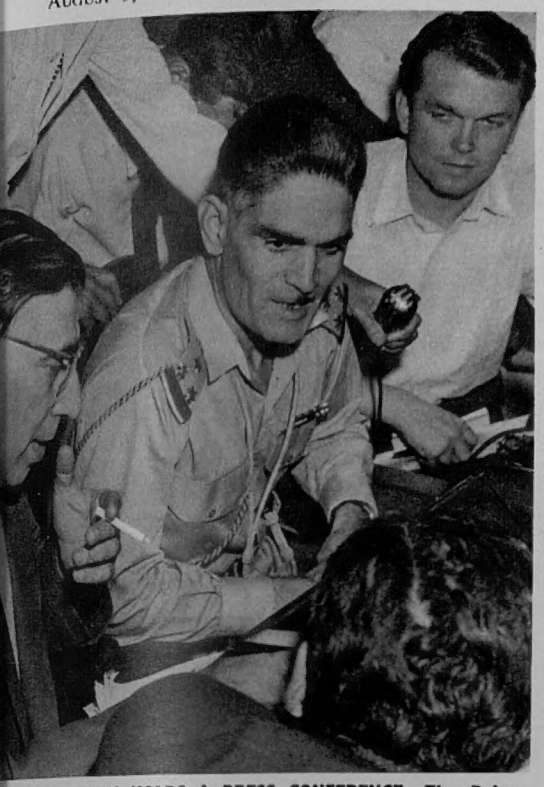
A NARROW ESCAPE FOR MR. SOLH: The Lebanese Prime Minister (centre) points to a hole made by a rebel bullet in the windscreen of his car after the attempt to ambush and kill him on the Mokalles-Beirut road. His escort, consisting of police and security guards, quickly took action to disperse the rebels.

On right—
A BOMB EXPLOSION IN AMMAN: Soldiers and police guard the steps leading to the British Council building in the Jordanian capital. A time-bomb had exploded in it but little damage was caused and the fire brigade soon extinguished a small fire started in the building.





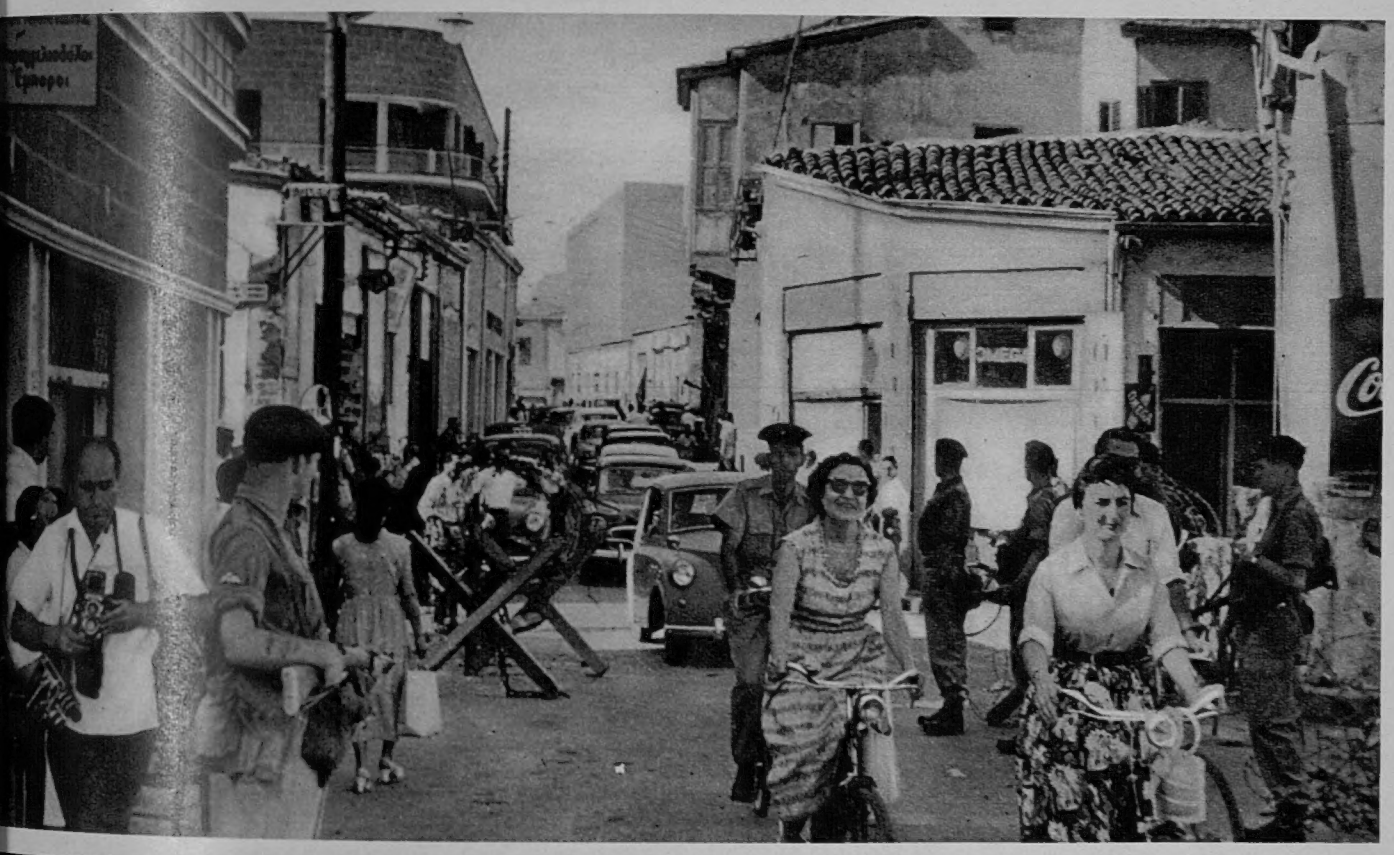
ON THE ALERT IN JORDAN: Beneath the colours of the Royal Artillery, British paratroops man a bren-gun post at the airport of Amman. The British forces in Jordan are reported to be carrying on with their normal training and exercises.



GENERAL KASSEM HOLDS A PRESS CONFERENCE: The Prime Minister of Iraq, who organised the revolution against King Feisal, answers questions put to him by correspondents in Bagdad. In the left foreground, smoking a cigarette, is Seddik Shansal, a civilian member of the new Iraq Cabinet, who is Minister for National Guidance.

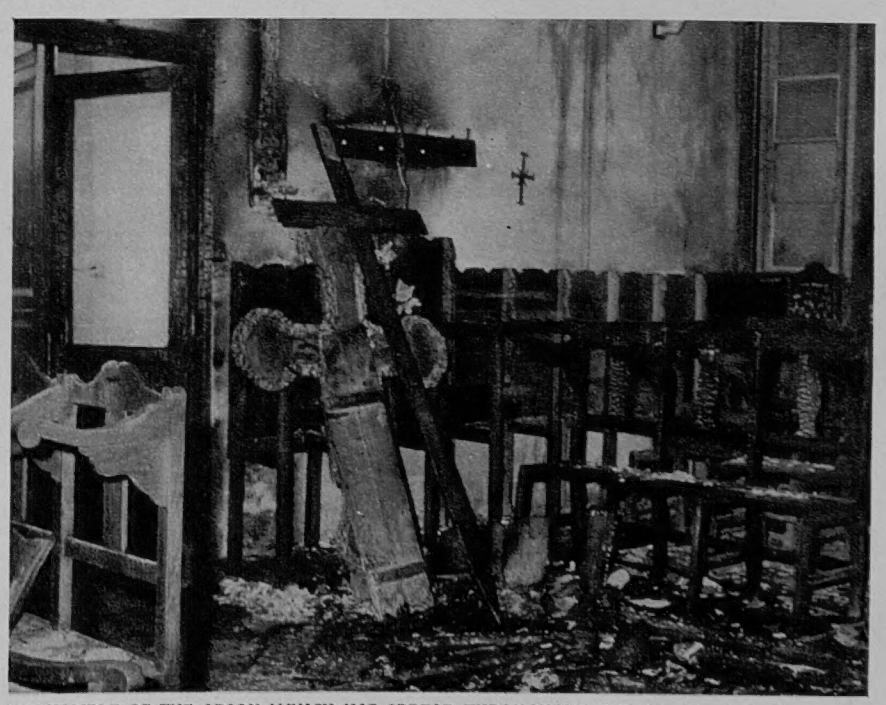
MILITARY PRECAUTIONS IN BAGDAD: An anti-aircraft gun is in position in the centre of the capital of Iraq. Although the military coup against the Royal family and General Nuri es-Said had apparently been successful, it was reported early this month that the Kassem Government was still taking military precautions to meet any possible trouble. Several members of the previous Cabinet and other advisers of King Feisal were understood to be under arrest in prisons.

On left—



ARMED GUARDS FOR GOVERNMENT EMPLOYEES IN CYPRUS: British troops stand with their weapons at the ready as Greek Cypriots employed by the Government make their way to work through the Turkish quarter of Nicosia. The armed guard had been ordered by the authorities after the Greeks had protested against "inadequate protection" from Turkish outrages. In spite of appeals for order and the stern measures taken by the Governor, intercommunal violence between Greeks and Turks increased alarmingly at the end of last month.

BREAK IN THE "STANDSTILL": Military police on patrol in Nicosia pass women shopping during the permitted hours in the two-day "standstill" ordered by the Governor. Except for a brief morning period, almost all Cypriots were confined to their homes.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE ARSON WHICH HAS SPREAD THROUGHOUT CYPRUS: The interior of the Greek Orthodox church at Omorfita, outside Nicosia, is charred and blackened as result of one of the numerous outrages to which the island has been increasingly subjected

SAILING RACES

A Good Start from Brest; Cowes Regatta; "Sceptre" Shipped to America

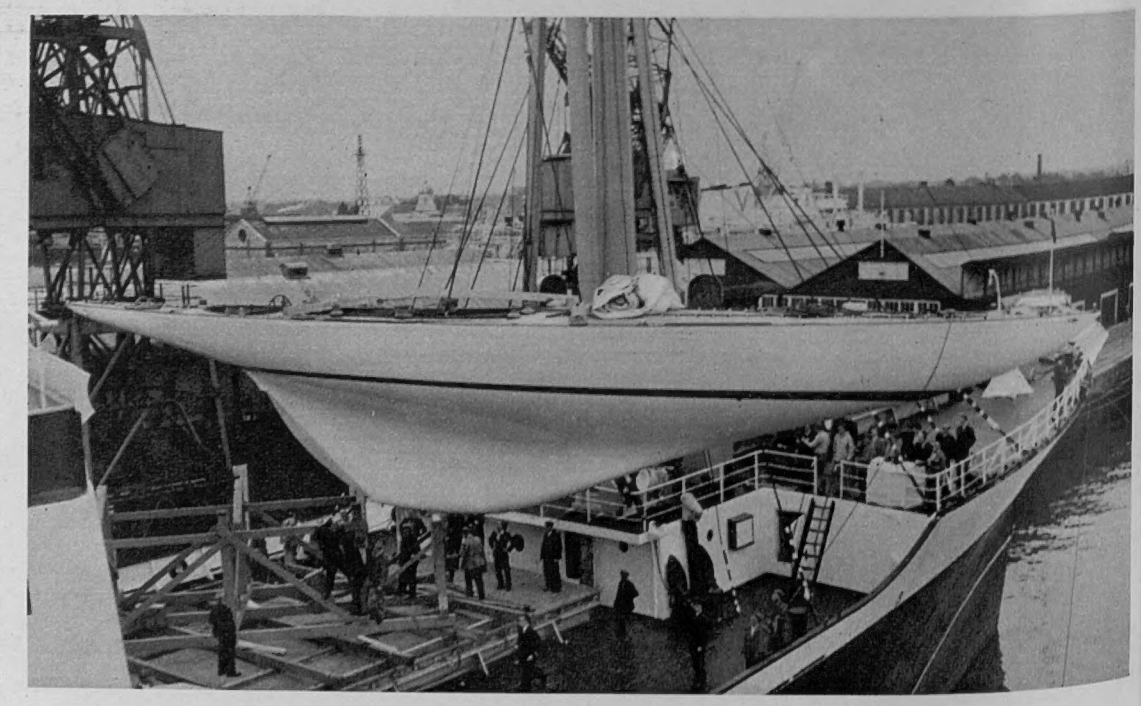
Altogether thirty-two ships set out from Brest last Sunday in the second series of international races organised by the Sail Training Association. The smaller vessels (under 100 tons), including twelve British entries, left from inside the harbour, and the seven "tall ships," or barques and barquentines, of over 100 tons, from outside. Fourteen of the competitors were undertaking the shorter course, to Corunna, a distance of 350 miles. The remainder were embarked on the long voyage of 1,400 miles, to Las Palmas, which should take them about a fortnight. Results in both classes are calculated upon time allowances. One of the most important rules for these races is that half the crew of each vessel entered must be youths under training in sail. Among those competing are six boys training for second mate's ticket at the London Nautical School.

THE START OF THE INTERNATIONAL SAIL TRAINING RACE FOR 1958: With the waterfront of Brest behind them, some of the entrants head out to sea. Thirty-two vessels started, some aiming at completing the short course to Corunna, others the long voyage to Las Palmas.

ON A COURSE OF 1,400 MILES: The Swedish barquentine *Flying Clipper* (right) and the Belgian barquentine *Mercator* cut through the water on their way to Las Palmas from Brest. With two others in the over-100-tons class—*La Belle Poule* and *Etoile*, both of France—they were soon reported ahead of their rivals.

THE FIRST DAY AT COWES: Spectators on the front at Cowes watch yachts on the Solent in the Royal Southampton Yacht Club Regatta. Weather conditions were squally. On the second day, however, there was a change for the better, conditions nearly being ideal for sailing.

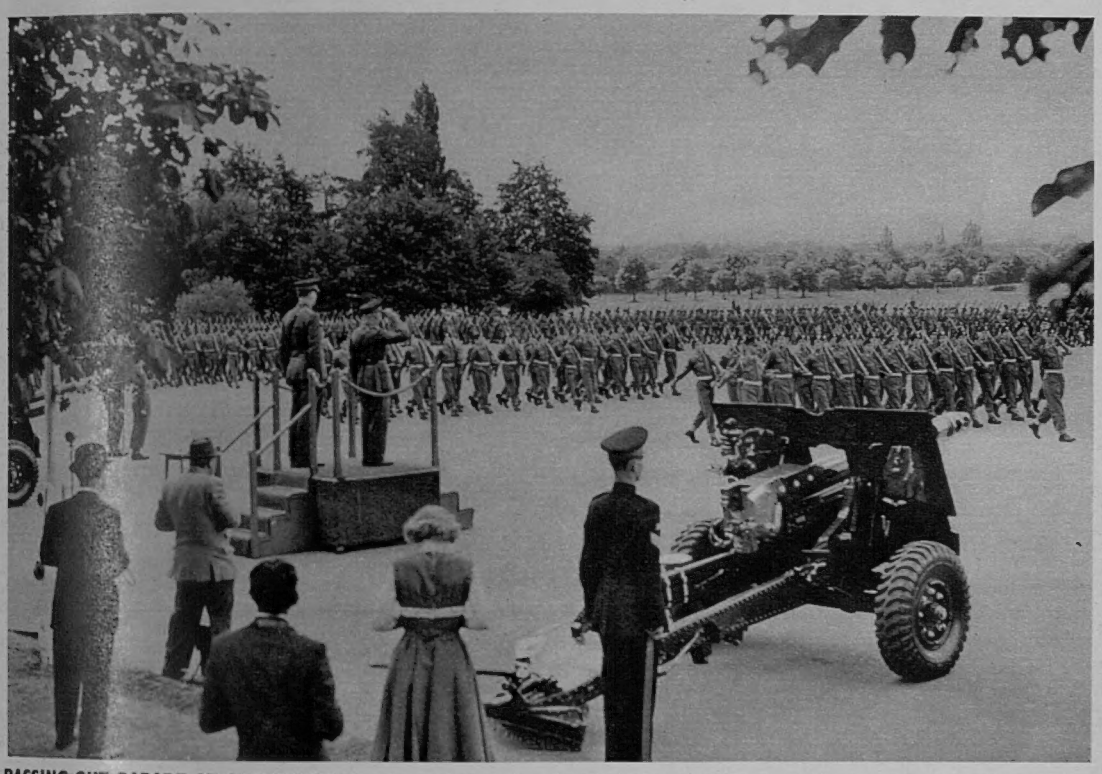
On right—



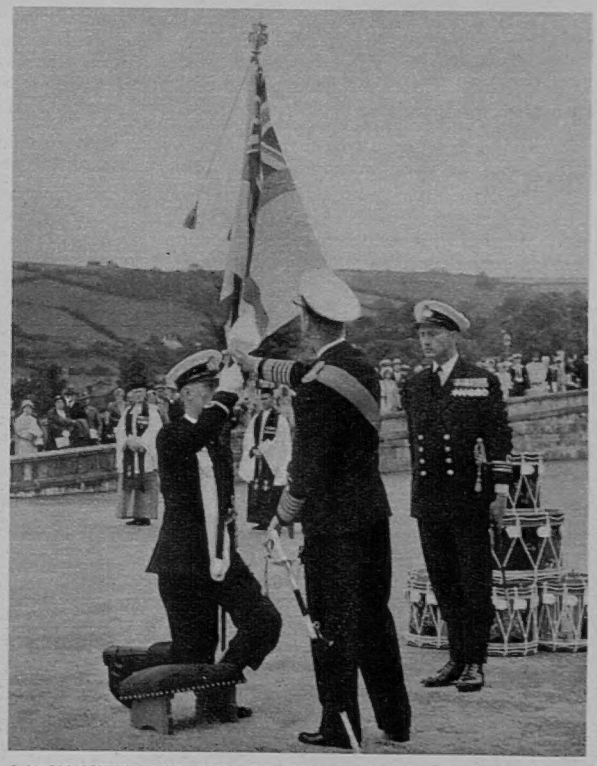
"SCEPTRE" IS LOADED FOR HER TRANSATLANTIC VOYAGE: Britain's challenger for the America's Cup is lifted by floating crane aboard the Cunard cargo-liner *Alsatia* at Southampton. On the *Alsatia's* deck is the cradle in which the 74-ft.-long yacht was placed. The loading operation, which required the most skilful manœuvring, took three hours to complete. *Sceptre's* 90-ft. aluminium mast and the mast from *Evaine* which is being taken as a spare, *Sceptre's* tender, *Orb*, and the motor launch *Ravahine*, which is being used as a committee boat, were also taken aboard. Among those present were Mr. Hugh Goodson, the chairman, and other members of the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate which owns the challenger. As *Alsatia* passed Cowes a message of good luck was signalled from the Royal Yacht Squadron Castle, and ships, launches and yachts gathered for the Regatta sounded good wishes with sirens and hooters. The liner is due to dock in New York next Tuesday (August 12). (*See* also page 206.)

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FIRST MEETING OF BRITAIN'S NEW BOARD FOR DEFENCE: At the Ministry of Defence in London are, from the left: Sir Richard Powell, Permanent Secretary, Ministry of Defence; Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir William Dickson, Chief of the Defence Staff; Mr. George Ward, Secretary for Air; Lord Selkirk, First Lord of the Admiralty; Mr. Duncan Sandys, Minister of Defence; Mr. Christopher Soames, Secretary for War; Mr. Aubrey Jones, Minister of Supply; Admiral of the Fleet Lord Mountbatten, First Sea Lord; Marshal of the Royal Air Force, Sir Dermot Boyle, Chief of the Air Staff; and Sir Frederick Brundrett, Chief Scientist, Ministry of Defence. The board has been formed as result of changes recently announced in Britain's defence organisation. One of its main functions will be to co-ordinate the activities of the service ministries.



PASSING-OUT PARADE AT ALDERSHOT: As the cadets swing by, Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery, standing on the dais, takes the salute at the passing-out parade at the Mons Officer Cadet School, in Hampshire. Lord Montgomery presented a silver-mounted officer's cane to Senior Under-Officer A. E. Whitworth (Royal Signals) for the best cadet of the Commissioning detachment. It is now fifty years since Lord Montgomery was first gazetted as an officer.



A NEW QUEEN'S COLOUR: The Duke of Edinburgh presents the Colour during his visit to the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth. His Royal Highness had arrived in Devon on board H.M.Y. *Britannia* after visiting the Scilly Isles.

THE INAUGURAL PARADE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN REGIMENT OF YORKSHIRE: The regiment has been formed by the amalgamation of the old West and East Yorkshire Regiments and an unusual feature of the inaugural parade at Dover (*on left*) was the march of the colours of the former regiments to take post together. This action symbolised the amalgamation of the two regiments. *Right*—The Princess Royal, Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment, arrives to attend the inaugural parade by the 1st Battalion.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

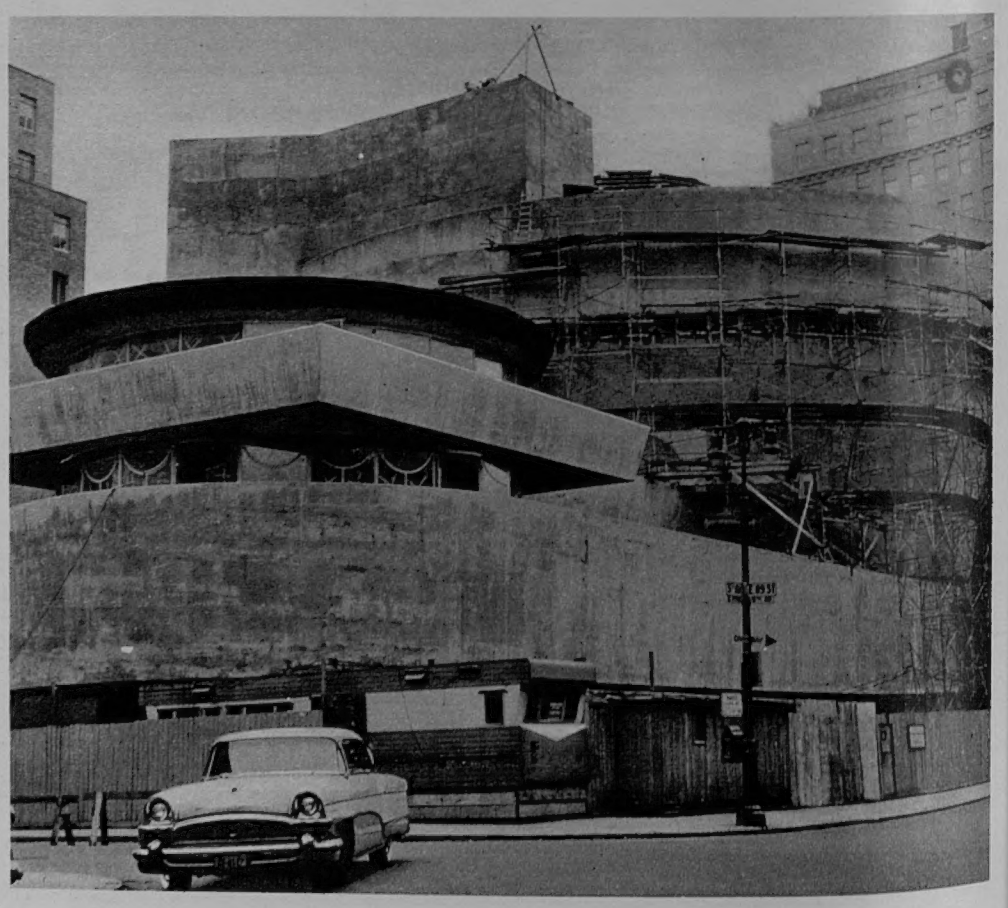
PRINCESS MARGARET IN THE ROCKIES: *Left*—Her Royal Highness is seen walking in the grounds of Fairholme Ranch, in Banff, where she stayed during her three-day visit to Alberta, the Canadian province noted for its ranches, towering mountains and great oilfields. The ranch stands on a high plateau surrounded by a range of mountains with a lake nearby. *On right*—A Mountie salutes as Princess Margaret enters a car after visiting the Banff School of Arts. During her stay in the Rockies she was presented with a white buckskin costume of an Indian Princess of the Stoney tribe and a scroll written in syllabics, a universal Indian language, explaining the high esteem the Indians held for their "great White Mother, Queen Victoria." It also told of other members of the Royal Family including the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of Windsor, who have been received by the tribe. Princess Margaret's month's tour of Canada ends on Monday (August 11).

On right—

OFF FOR A HOLIDAY ON THE FRENCH RIVIERA: Sir Winston Churchill is seen with Lord Beaverbrook at London Airport, from where he flew to Nice. He is staying at the Villa Cappoucina at Cap d'Ail as the guest of Lord Beaverbrook, who accompanied him from the airport. For his holiday, Sir Winston has chosen the district where, five months ago, he recovered from an attack pneumonia and pleurisy. On arrival at the Riviera he was welcomed by M. Pierre-Jean Moatti, Prefect of the Aples Maritimes.

THE NEW CHIEF INDUSTRIAL COMMISSIONER: Mr. P. H. St. J. Wilson, who has been appointed Chief Industrial Commissioner at the Ministry of Labour signs documents at his desk. He succeeds Sir Wilfred Neden, who retires on August 24. Mr. Wilson joined the Ministry in 1930.

UNUSUAL ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK: The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum is seen under construction on a site on New York's Fifth Avenue, between 88th and 89th Streets. Beyond the drum-like structure in the foreground is the main section of the art museum, which will have a gently-spiralling ramp in place of conventional hard floors. *On right*—When completed, the top of the main building will be covered by an enormous glass dome, from which visitors will be able to gain an uninterrupted view of the busy crossroads immediately below. The unconventional building, which will allow visitors to inspect paintings hung along the spiralling ramp, has been designed by Mr. Frank Lloyd Wright, the famous eighty-nine-year-old American architect.



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

PASSING-OUT PARADE AT CRANWELL: General Norstad, the Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, inspects the guard of honour at the Royal Air Force College in Lincolnshire. He took the review at the passing-out parade of the seventy-third entry of flight cadets and presented the sword of honour to Senior Under-Officer A. E. Thomson, of the Royal New Zealand Air Force, who comes from Christchurch, New Zealand. The General also addressed the cadets.

A PRESENTATION TO THE ROYAL NAVAL ENGINEERING COLLEGE AT PLYMOUTH: Bandsmen of the Royal Marines are looking at the Firefly dinghy which has been presented to the college by Sir Richard Costain. Last week, the Duke of Edinburgh, during his visit to Plymouth, opened new buildings at the college, consisting of a four-storey residential block for the accommodation of officers undergoing technical training, and a single-storey dining hall and galley. The scheme was designed and executed on behalf of the Admiralty by the Ministry of Works, and the main contractors were Richard Costain Ltd., whose south-west area organisation carried out the work. Other buildings will be erected at a later date to complete the scheme. The new buildings stand on high ground and have a commanding view of much of Plymouth. The residential block is some 325 ft. long, 40 ft. wide and 60 ft. high, extending east and west from the main entrance. Behind it, to form the leg of the letter "T," is the single-storey building 140 ft. long, 71 ft. wide and 28 ft. high.

TINNED FOOD IS EXAMINED AFTER BEING UNOPENED FOR FIFTY YEARS: Mr. J. W. Selby, a member of the staff of the Food Research Association, closely studies a fifty-year-old tin of kippered herring which was among the tinned food taken from the Antarctic bases of the British explorers Shackleton and Scott. The first reports of the tests, at the British Food Manufacturing Industries Research Association's laboratories at Leatherhead, in Surrey, stated that the food was still edible.

On left—

CONQUERORS OF RAKAPOSHI: Captain M. E. B. Banks (left) and Surgeon-Lieutenant T. Patey, leader and doctor respectively of the British-Pakistani Forces' successful assault on the 25,500-ft. mountain, Rakaposhi, in the Karakoram chain in Kashmir, on the borders of Turkestan, are seen during the climb. The combined effort between nine officers of the Royal Marines, the British Army, the Royal Air Force and the Pakistani Forces resulted in the summit being reached on June 25. It was the first time that the mountain had been climbed, six previous attempts having been made.

INUNDATIONS IN THE CAPITAL OF INDIA: Floodwaters, at certain points as much as 30 ft. deep, have transformed the main road from New Delhi to the Old City into a river. In 24 hours, 10¼ ins. of rain had fallen and caused what were reported to be the worst floods in living memory. Hundreds of houses collapsed and thousands of people were homeless. The fire brigades were unable to answer calls for help in some districts because the engines and equipment in the fire stations were trapped by the inundations. In government buildings courtyards were turned into swimming-baths in which members of the staffs bathed.

POPULAR REJOICING AFTER THE FAILURE OF A MILITARY COUP IN VENEZUELA: A dense crowd in a street near the Presidential Palace in Caracas shouts and cheers at the failure of an attempt to overthrow the provisional Government of Admiral Larrazabal. A seven-hour general strike throughout the country paralysed all activity and emphasised popular support for the Admiral. The stoppage of work was ordered by the trade unions and the Associated Chambers of Commerce. The attempted coup by a group of officers was reported to have the support of Defence Minister General Leon, who resigned from the Government.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

GENERAL DE GAULLE OUTLINES HIS PLANS FOR CONSTITUTIONAL REFORM: The French Prime Minister arrives at the headquarters of the Economic Council in Paris to announce the first draft of the Constitution for the Fifth Republic. The final text has to be drawn up by a committee presided over by M. Paul Reynaud, the Premier at the time of the fall of France in 1940. General de Gaulle's main proposals concern the office of the President of the Republic. It is suggested that he should be elected for seven years by the Senate, the Assembly and—an innovation—County and Municipal representatives. The President is to have wider powers than he has hitherto had, including the right to dissolve the Assembly and to take over supreme authority in the event of "a serious and immediate threat" to the nation.

A PRIME MINISTER'S "WORKING PARTY": Prince Norodom Sihanouk (second from left in front), the Premier of Cambodia, wears a bush hat, singlet and shorts as he takes a hand in clearing the ground for a water reservoir in the village of Chraneang Te. Other members of the Cabinet and Government officials work with him. The reservoir is part of a scheme for a national water supply.

On right—

KING HUSSEIN'S BROTHER IN LONDON: The eleven-year-old Prince Hassan alights at his hotel in the West End. The boy, who is at a school in the South of England, was spending a few days in London before flying to Amman for his holidays. It was reported that armed detectives of the Special Branch were on duty at the hotel as it was feared that violence might be attempted against the brother of the King of Jordan.

THE GOVERNOR'S SONS FLY TO CYPRUS: Eight-year-old Benjamin (left) and eleven-year-old Oliver, the sons of Sir Hugh and Lady Foot, board an airliner at London airport. They are at a school in Berkshire and were on their way to Nicosia to spend the holidays. There were hopes last week that the Premiers of Britain, Turkey and Greece might jointly appeal to the Cypriots to cease violence.

A SESSION OF THE MILITARY COMMITTEE OF THE BAGDAD PACT: General Fevzi Menguc, the Chief of the Turkish General Staff, presides at the far end of the table. He is flanked by other members of his delegation. On the right of the table are the American and British representatives and on the left the Pakistanis (in foreground) and the Persians. The deliberations of the Military Committee assumed great importance in view of the declaration made after the Ministerial meeting. This stated that under the Bagdad Pact, collective security arrangements had been instituted and joint military planning advanced to resist aggression, direct or indirect. The United States (which is not a full member of the Pact) undertook to co-operate to the full with the nations making the declaration.

A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR KING FEISAL: Sir Anthony and Lady Eden leave the Savoy Chapel in London after the service in memory of the assassinated King of Iraq, his uncle, the Crown Prince, and General Nuri es-Said. The Queen was represented by the Duke of Gloucester, who was accompanied by the Duchess. Sir Winston Churchill and the Prime Minister were also represented, and among those present were the Foreign Secretary and the Colonial Secretary.

World Affairs

The Perils of Diplomacy by Harangue

By JOHN CONNELL

THE new, open diplomacy, as it has been called since 1918, is not new at all. It has an ancient and at one time respectable history. It was the common practice of the Greek city-states, as Thucydides records. When a dispute arose, envoys from one of the cities involved went, in some formality and state, to the other, and there—with an eloquence which has not deserted the Greeks through all their vicissitudes—they presented their case in the open, and their opponents argued back. As in our enlightened age, war was resorted to when diplomacy—open diplomacy—failed. The system obviously had its virtues, or the Greeks, who were a practical people, would not have evolved and retained it; but, since they were also reasonable and moderate in their views on human conduct, they would never have claimed that it was perfect.

Several of the great delusions of our muddleheaded epoch have been about international relations. After the First World War it was proclaimed, and ardently believed, that one of the main causes of the woe, the suffering and the loss which the civilised world had inflicted on itself was the wicked practice of secret diplomacy—the Old Diplomacy, it was called, in accents of bitter contempt. The small, interlinked groups of able men, professional or amateur, in whose hands the conduct of diplomacy had lain for the previous century, were seen as corrupt, power-lusting, secretive villains. For their evil machinations the perfect substitute had been discovered—the League of Nations. In its august forum the representatives of democratic governments (and, granted the sacred principle of self-determination, what government would not be democratic ?) would state their cases, if anything so unfortunate as a dispute arose, frankiy, freely and generously ; the vote of the majority would determine the result, and so it would all go on in exquisite harmony through peaceful and prosperous millennia.

Disillusionment was swift and brutal. It reduced the chief apostle of "open covenants, openly arrived at" to a sad, speechless hulk. The surviving exponents of the Old Diplomacy made more than one valiant attempt to civilise the New, to inject some equity and some efficiency into its workings. They failed. The demagogues were the bosses; and the world lurched on into the era of Mussolini and Hitler, and of the Ribbentrop-Molotov Pact. Another world war and the establishment of the United Nations, as a grandiose successor to the League, have not extricated us from our diplomatic dilemma but have only served to deepen it. It is a dilemma made especially hideous by the existence of somewhat more efficient and more wholesale methods of destruction than mankind has ever hitherto devised. We are in a pickle, which scares a good many of us; and we want to talk ourselves out of it. Jaw-jaw-jaw, as Sir Winston has observed, is better than war-war-war.

In our present condition this is true. Even the most interminable, cross-patch arguments are better than converting the Kremlin, the Capitol and the Palace of Westminster, and their environs, into heaps of radioactive rubble. But do not let us persuade ourselves that our present method of conducting international relations is efficient, honourable or particularly safe. It combines and magnifies all the major defects of the Old and the New Diplomacies—all the speechifying and all the secretiveness. Insults and abuse are ranted out in public, and bitter hatreds engendered and exploited. Decisions are made in private, and bargains reached which would shock horse-copers at an Irish fair and scandalise the old-time bosses of Tammany Hall.

For the setting of our contemporary diplomacy is not the sunlit *agora* of a small Greek city, where the envoys, bathed and refreshed after their journey across the mountains, set forth their arguments, while the grizzle-bearded elders listen with courteous patience, a slave-boy chews melon-seeds and dreams of his island home, urchins and dogs squabble in the dust, and the scent of thyme drifts on the bright air.

Our inventiveness and ingenuity have overcome the petty limitations of time and space. Our envoys' *agora* is the whole frenetic world; and international relations are used, not as a method of settling differences and calming passions, but of arousing, sustaining and exploiting the most ferocious of lusts. The public harangue does not replace the private discussion; it accompanies it, corroding and falsifying it. There is no trust and there is no understanding between negotiators, and no mutual respect, but deepening suspicion and tautening fear. The private discussion is "leaked" before it is completed, and the harangue becomes a bitter tirade.

Among the chief agents of this disagreeable and perilous process are the various media of mass-communication—the newspapers, the radio and television. No international negotiations of the slightest importance nowadays can be conducted in private. The meetings of the United Nations—both the Assembly and the Security Council—are held under an immense glare of publicity. Diplomatists are accorded high popularity ratings on television networks. There was a time, for example, some years ago, when Sir Gladwyn Jebb, now H.M. Ambassador in Paris and then the permanent British representative on the Security Council, and Mr. Abba Eban, who doubled the roles of Israeli Ambassador in Washington and his country's chief delegate at U.N., ran, as it were, neck-and-neck in the fierce and fickle favour of millions of viewers in the United States. When a major crisis develops, or a high-level conference is held, its setting, whether in Washington, London, Paris or Geneva, is sheer bedlam. A vast flock of journalists, radio and television commentators, cameramen and their ancillaries, descends upon the centre of the city, chattering like starlings, as predatory as sparrow-hawks.

For forty years every major conference since Versailles has been thus infested. The pattern of the chatter can be analysed: first, there is a barrage of speculation, in general terms and in detail; then the conference's leading figures are discussed and their various idiosyncrasies dramatised; disputes and differences are "probed"; a flurry of "optimism" is followed by shrill shrieks of "pessimism"; and through all the cacophony there is the persistent, pompous and almost always inaccurate drone of the forecasters, the soothsayers, who are under a compulsion to report the day after to-morrow's news this morning. The *finale* is invariably a coronach of disillusionment and disapprobation.

The greater the publicity, the more conspicuous is the lack of genuine accord. Mr. Macmillan, who as Foreign Secretary participated in the last series of summit discussions at Geneva in 1955, is on record as saying that the only real progress which was made occurred at the very few gatherings which were actually held in private. As Prime Minister he is probably now the most experienced, as well as the shrewdest and toughest, of the leading statesmen of the world who are due to attend the summit conference of 1958. His disillusionment is as complete as that of the most hard-boiled newspaperman; but it is worn with grace, wisdom and his own characteristic *panache*. Is he becoming, I wonder, the first front-rank politician, in any country, to master the technique of the new diplomacy, and to attempt to make it creative instead of destructive ?

For, as Lord Strang sapiently observed a week or so ago, this kind of high-level gathering has three not entirely reconcilable facets: it is, first, an attempt to negotiate an agreement on certain specific issues of fundamental importance in international relations; it is also an operation in the cold war; and it is an exercise in public relations, internally as well as externally. The participators in it have to conciliate public opinion in their own countries—whether it is that of a universal-suffrage electorate, as in Great Britain or the United States, or of the Congress Party, as in India, or of certain powerful and perhaps conflicting sections of the Communist Party and the bureaucracy, as in the Soviet Union. They also must "get results"; they must browbeat, defraud, cheat or outmanœuvre their opponents. The conference's concluding communiqué is likely to be a long, ponderous assemblage of flatulent platitudes; but its results are immediately "assessed" by several dozen unofficial, irresponsible and sharply imaginative commentators; and the final score is checked in terms of national prestige and power, of victory and defeat. This is of the essence of demagogic diplomacy. Its habits and attitudes do not come easily to statesmen and diplomatists educated in a different, older school of thought. Yet its technique has to be learned.

THE SUMMIT IN 1955: At the table in the Palais de Nations, Geneva, the picture shows the Americans, with President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles, on left. The French face the camera. The British are on right, Sir Anthony Eden leaning towards Mr. Macmillan. With backs to camera are the Russians. From right, in front, are Marshal Zhukov, Mr. Khrushchev, Marshal Bulganin and Mr. Molotov.

We cannot expect Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Krishna Menon, Colonel Nasser, Colonel Aref and men of this kidney to possess our habits and attitudes, our outlook. Ravening wolves are not pussy-cats; and ruthless, cunning, dedicated revolutionaries do not possess—and cannot in any way be expected to display—the attributes of gentlemen steeped in the traditions of Western Christendom. These are the barbarians, the heathen, the Paynim of our time; we must hold them at bay, or they will eat us up and lay the remnants of our civilisation in ruins. This is a harsh, regrettable truth, but we must face it. The greatest diplomatic débâcle of our century occurred, just twenty years ago, because the impeccable, upright, kindly and humane Neville Chamberlain thought that he could deal with the dedicated revolutionary, Adolf Hitler, in his own language and on his own terms. Twice is too often to make a mistake of so gigantic an order.

Hitler was a formidable exponent of diplomacy by harangue—anybody who ever listened to one of his speeches at the Sports Palast in Berlin or a Nuremberg Party Rally is conscious, for the rest of his life, of how formidable. To English ears those parts of Hitler's speeches which were not gibberish were evil distortions of the truth; but they were what millions of Germans in those days wanted to hear. Mr. Khrushchev's speeches markedly resemble those of Squealer, the pig in *Animal Farm* (that brilliant dictionary of totalitarianism); but they are what millions of his followers want to hear.

To those who appreciate classical Arabic oratory Colonel Nasser's speeches are vulgar ranting, with far too frequent, distasteful references to God; but they are what millions of Arabs want to hear. When, just over two years ago, he announced the nationalisation of the Suez Canal Company, his speech was as much an operation of war as the act itself; and it exemplified the bleak conditions of the world in which we must live. We used to be taught that war was a continuation of foreign policy by other means; in our contemporary world diplomacy is a prosecution of war by other means.

H.M.S. *Porpoise*, which sailed up the River Thames last week for a four-day stay in London, is the latest submarine to join the Royal Navy. Having just completed her trials she had come to the capital to be inspected by members of the Board of Admiralty, Commonwealth Naval representatives, Naval Attachés in London and Admiralty officers. *Porpoise* is the first operational submarine of post-war design to be launched and has a standard displacement of 1,500 tons and 2,000 tons when submerged. With a length of 290 ft. and a beam measurement of 26 ft. she has a complement of six officers and sixty-five ratings. The design of her hull and superstructure reflect her capabilities of high under-water speed and great diving depth. Although many other details of the submarine's armament and construction are still on the secret list, it is stated that the electric propulsion system is of a much more advanced design than hitherto used.

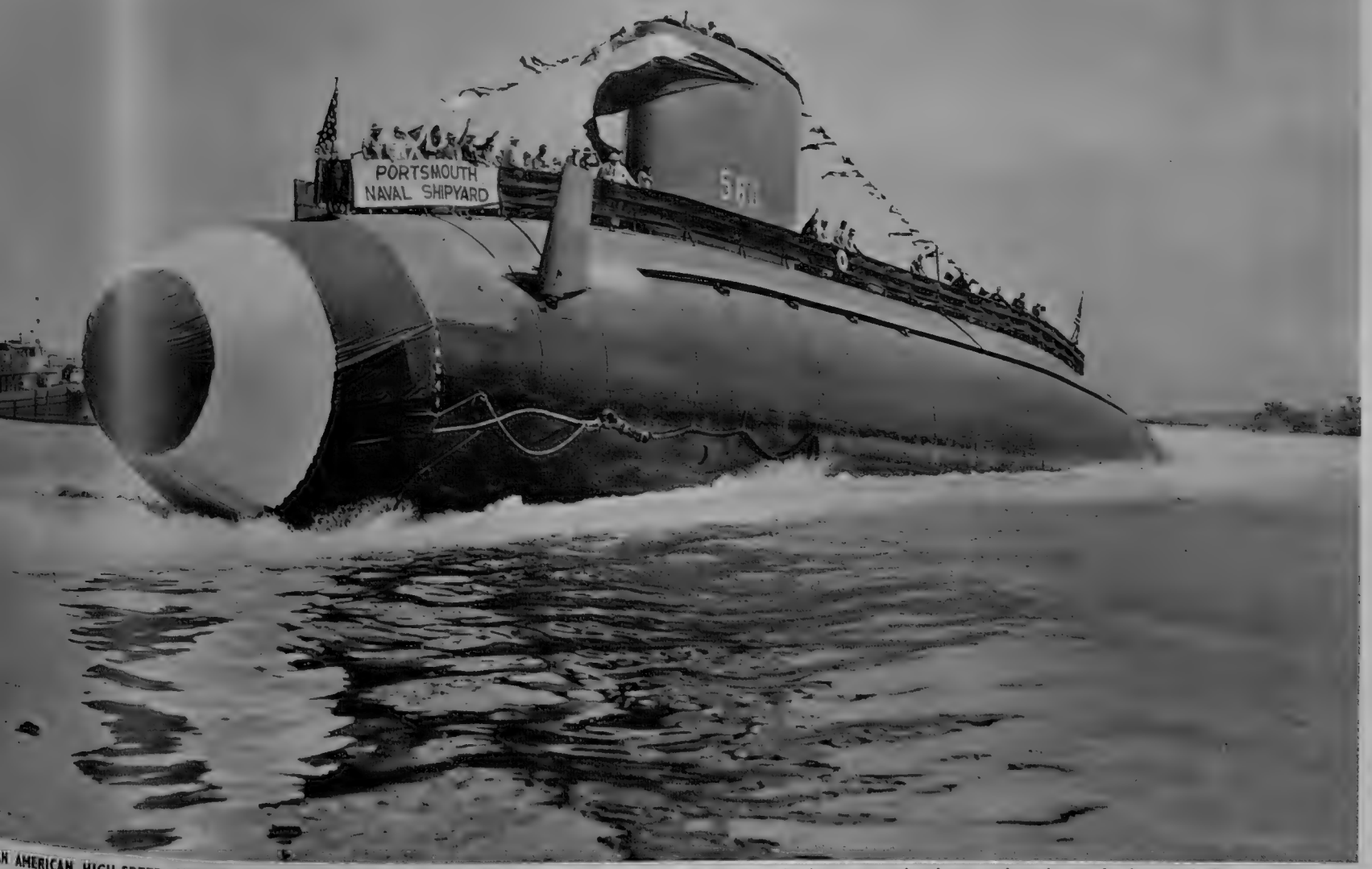
Porpoise was launched in April 1956 and completed towards the end of last year. She was built at Barrow-in-Furness by Vickers Armstrongs Ltd., who are also building two other ships of the same class. Altogether, four submarines of the class of eight have been launched. In 1953, when it was decided to go ahead with the development of atomic-powered submarines, an arrangement to build more of the *Porpoise* class was abandoned.

SUBMARINE ACTIVITIES

Britain's Latest Submarine in London
A Midget for Sweden; The 125th Submarine from an American Yard

A MIDGET SUBMARINE OF BRITAIN'S ROYAL NAVY IS TRANSFERRED TO THE ROY SWEDISH NAVY: *Spiggen*, formerly H.M.S. *Stickleback*, is hoisted from water at Southampton to be loaded aboard the S.S. *Waria* for her journ to Sweden. *On left*—With the liner *Queen Mary* in the background, midget submarine arrives at Southampton after the handing-over ceremo at Portland Dockyard. *Spiggen*, originally designated the X.51, was built in 19 by Vickers Armstrongs at Barrow-in-Furness. She is nearly 54 ft. long; is propel by diesel and electric machinery and has a complement of five. She and her sis ships were built for training and trials purposes. Earlier this year the Swedish N announced that the *Spiggen* would be used both as a target submarine during a submarine exercises and to train inlet and harbour defences against attack by mi midget submarines. The Swedish crew of the vessel received their training at Portla

BRITAIN'S LATEST SUBMARINE PAYS A VISIT TO LONDON: H.M.S. *Porpoise* sails up the River Thames to the Pool of London for a four-day visit. The two pictures *above* and *on right* show the submarine after she had passed under Tower Bridge. *Porpoise* was completed at the end of last year.



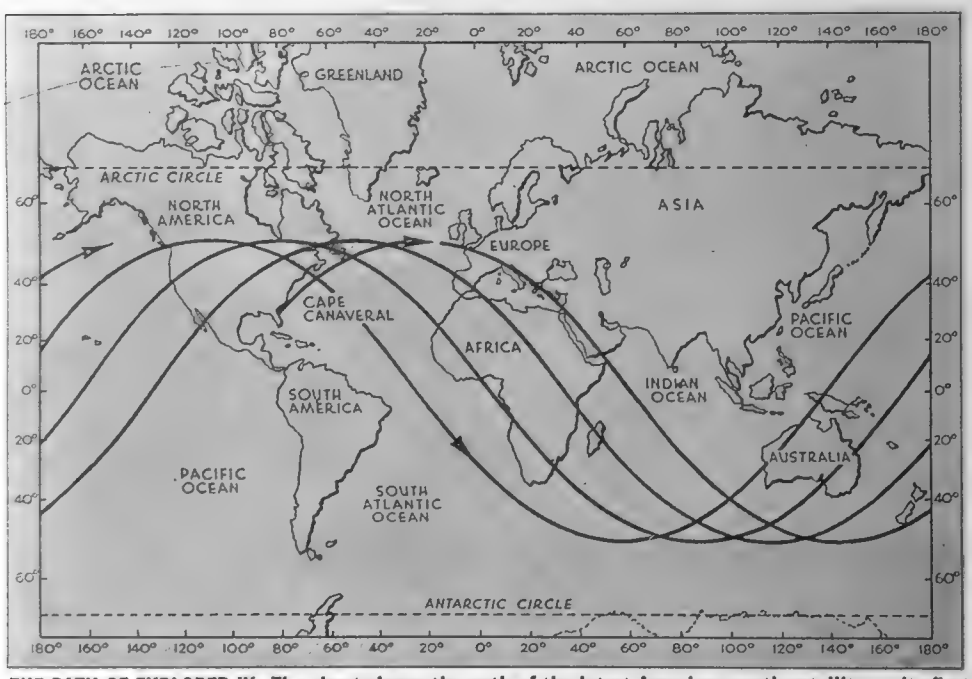
AN AMERICAN HIGH-SPEED ATTACK AND GUIDED MISSILE SUBMARINE: Dressed overall, the SS *Barbel*, the last conventional-type submarine to be launched, floats on the water in Portsmouth naval shipyard, New Hampshire. The *Barbel*, the 125th submarine to be launched from the shipyard, is one of six improved Tang class submarines. The others are *Blueback*, *Bonefish*, *Grayback*, *Darter* and *Growler*. *Grayback* is a new design attack submarine with streamlined snorkel equipment. *Darter*, described as "the quietest submarine of all time," has been designed for very high underwater speeds. She is controlled from a central console adjacent to a soundproof diesel engine-room, equipped with snorkel. The *Growler* is being completed as a guided missile submarine for launching Regulus surface-to-surface weapons.

FIRING A MOUSE INTO SPACE: A white mouse named Wickie is seen inside a jar fitted in the experimental nose cone of a United States Air Force Hybrid Thor-Able rocket. The missile, fired from Cape Canaveral, was aimed to arch 6,000 miles through space with the hope of recovering the mouse alive. It was the third test of this type of rocket. The first, on April 23, failed; the second, on July 9, was the first United States ballistic missile to cover an intercontinental distance, but the nose cone, carrying another mouse, was not recovered.

A Mouse in Space

And the Launching of a New American Earth Satellite

The U.S. Army's latest satellite (not carrying livestock) was launched in the nose cone of a Jupiter-C rocket from Cape Canaveral, in Florida, last week-end. It has gone into a satisfactory orbit ranging between 177 and 1,368 miles above the earth and more sharply angled with the Equator than any previous satellite launched from the United States. The satellite, Explorer IV, weighs 38·43 lb., rather more than its American predecessors. It contains instruments with which it is hoped to analyse the layer of powerful radiation round the earth which was discovered by the earlier satellites. Explorer III relayed information that an intense field of radiation exists 600 miles out in space. The equipment in Explorer IV includes four radiation counters, two of Geiger type and two of the scintillation type.



THE PATH OF EXPLORER IV: The chart shows the path of the latest American earth satellite on its first four flights over the earth. The satellite is designed to give more information on the radiation hazards man may have to meet in space travel. It weighs 38·43 lb., more than 7 lb. heavier than any of the previous United States satellites, and is expected to stay in space for several years.

SUCCESSFUL FIRING: Leaving in its wake a trail of white-hot fire, the U.S. Army's Jupiter-C rocket soars into space to place in orbit the satellite Explorer IV, installed in the rocket's nose cone. The satellite is moving between a low point of 177 miles and a high point of 1,368 miles.

THE WORLD'S FIRST TILT-WING V.T.O.L. AIRCRAFT FLIES SUCCESSFULLY: The Vertol Model 76, the world's first successful tilt-wing V.T.O.L. (vertical take-off and landing) aircraft, takes off from Morton, Pennsylvania. *Above:* For take-off and hovering the pilot swings the wing to the vertical position and climbs straight up. For forward flight, the wing of the aircraft is tilted forward to the horizontal position. On reaching his destination, the pilot tilts the wing again and descends vertically.

TILT-WING AIRCRAFT

A Unique Development for Take-off, Flight and Landing

On its maiden flight, the world's first successful tilt-wing V.T.O.L. (vertical take-off and landing) aircraft, the Vertol Model 76, took off like a helicopter, flew as a fixed-wing aircraft in forward flight and landed in the same way as a helicopter. The aircraft, the first of its kind ever to fly through this transition, has been designed and developed for the United States Army by the Vertol Aircraft Corporation, of Morton, Pennsylvania.

Vertol proposed the design of the Model 76 to the U.S. Army as a small, low-cost research vehicle, rather than as an elaborate, costly prototype. It was believed that the tilt-wing principle could be explored quickly and efficiently with such an aircraft. The Army supported this research project and less than one year elapsed between the first test flight of the aircraft and the successful transition flight. The Model 76 is a single-engine V.T.O.L. aircraft powered by a Lycoming T-53 gas-turbine geared to two Vertol-designed, three-bladed rotor-propellers each with a diameter of 9½ ft. It has a wing-span of 24 ft. 11 ins. and a length of 26 ft. 5 ins.

The straight wing in which the two rotor-propellers are installed tilts to a vertical position for take-off, hovering and landing and swings down to a horizontal position for in-flight cruising. The novel aircraft is also equipped with two tail fans for control in the hovering position, one installed horizontally to control pitch and one placed vertically to control yaw. The T-53 engine supplies power for the tail fans and for the rotor-propellers. In addition to proving conclusively the soundness of the principles of the design, the first flight has also paved the way for the development of other types of tilt-wing aircraft for both military and commercial use.

THE FRENCH CARAVELLE AT LONDON AIRPORT: With jet engines set below the high-mounted tailpiece, the S.E. 210 Caravelle, built by Sud Aviation, flies over London Airport before coming in to land. The aircraft had flown from Paris on its first official trip to this country for demonstrations by Air France, who have twenty-four on order. The 500-m.p.h. swept-wing Caravelle, powered by two Rolls-Royce Avon RA-29 turbo-jet engines, is expected to start service between London and Nice in April. The aircraft, the first of the new generation of jet airliners with tail-mounted jet engines to come into service, is expected to cut the present time of 2½ hours for the journey from London to Nice to under 2 hours. Other tail-mounted jet airliners, such as the de Havilland DH-121 and the Vickers VC-10, are not due to enter service before 1960.

"COME IN" CARAVELLE

A New French Airliner at London Airport

ON THE RUNWAY: *Above*—A view of the Caravelle's fuselage from underneath the well-set-back swept wings. *Below*—An unusual feature of the French airliner is the placing of the two jet engines at the rear of the fuselage. The passengers' entrance is also situated at the end of the body.

THE ENGINE OF THE FUTURE: Tail-mounted jets, one on each side of the fuselage, enable a "clean" wing to be achieved, and reduce noise and vibration in the cabin.

AN ANDES PEAK ON THE AIR ROUTE TO BOLIVIAN GOLD DEPOSITS : The mountain of Little Potosi is a landmark for those flying from La Paz north-east to the jungle area of Tipuani and Chimajaukata, where gold is found. The flight of less than an hour is over rough and difficult country through which the journey by land would take up to a fortnight.

"FRONTIER LIFE" IN BOLIVIA

"Panning" Gold in a South American Jungle

It may be a gross exaggeration to say that the rivers of Bolivia flow with gold. But it is a fact that in the beds of some of them and in the surrounding hills there are deposits of the mineral. Equally absurd would it be to conjure to mind scenes of a gold rush in the Klondike style, with hatred and passion, lust and greed gripping a community insane with the desire for sudden riches. Many of the prospectors in the valleys of such rivers as the Tipuani, in the north of Bolivia, have gone there for a quiet life !

Tranquil the conditions may be in the remote vastness of the South American jungle. They are also extremely hard. The climate is bad, mosquitoes abound and the camps primitive. Gold is there, but only long and very strenuous hours of work bring any sort of reward. It is calculated that in every ton of earth there are no more than two grammes of gold. The men are usually formed in small groups or syndicates. Some shovel up the soil from the river-bed or side of a hill. Others sift it in wooden pans in which the gold grains sink to the bottom.

The gold mining is controlled by the Bolivian Government. All prospectors must register and stake a claim with the official agency. To this agency they must take their gold and sell it. In a good week a man may turn in eight or ten grammes of the precious dust, receiving in return eight to ten dollars (£2 17s. to £3 10s.).

Until air travel was possible the valley was extremely isolated. Mules took a fortnight on the journey from La Paz, the capital. To-day a jeep can drive most of the way along a very rough track. But the final stage of the route must be made on foot, across rickety bridges over swift streams and deep ravines. The aeroplane is the best means of travel, the flight from La Paz over the snow-clad peaks of the Andes taking less than an hour. A regular air service enables the people of Tipuani and smaller camps such as Chimajaukata to keep more or less in constant contact with the outside world.

Recently there have been reports that a United States company is considering developing Bolivia's gold resources. If this is done, it will no doubt disturb the quietness of life in the river valleys. But for its economic wealth it seems likely that the country will continue to rely upon its tin, which is exported in large quantities—Bolivia produces about 15 per cent. of the world's tin output. Oil also is being drilled and produced for export. Probably the wish of the prospectors of Tipuani is to be left in peace.

(*Further pictures on following pages*)

SIFTING FOR GOLD : Damp earth taken from the river-bed is washed in wooden pans. In this process the grains of the mineral sink to the bottom. But the gold deposits are very small.

AN AIRFIELD IN THE JUNGLE OF SOUTH AMERICA : The aircraft at Tipuani is unloading supplies, watched by the local inhabitants. Most of the people in this remote region literally scrape a living from gold, living in primitive conditions in a bad climate, surrounded and shut in by tree-clad mountains.

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THE ADMINISTRATIVE HEADQUARTERS OF A BOLIVIAN GOLD-MINING COMMUNITY: The thatched hut is the home and office of the Superintendent at Chimajaukata. He is responsible for keeping order among the people, who work very hard dredging the rivers and sifting the soil to obtain very small returns of gold.

"FRONTIER LIFE" IN BOLIVIA

DREDGING THE WATERS: One man shovels up the earth from the river and the other sifts it in his pan. Miners must stake a claim with the Government agency to which they must sell the grains. In a week a worker may receive about £3 10s.

CENTRES OF TRADE: *Above*—Inhabitants are gathered outside the shop in Tipuani. It is the largest of the gold-mining communities on the river, having a population of some 3,000. *Below*—This shop has been opened in an outlying camp. It was started by a prospector and his wife. The husband carries on with mining while the wife runs the shop.

THE END OF THE ROAD FOR ALL BUT FOOT PASSENGERS : Vehicles must halt at this rickety bridge in the approach to Chimajaukata. The rest of the journey to the village must be made on foot, crossing numerous primitive structures of this kind

SIESTA-TIME : The men are resting in the heat of the middle of the day. The lamps on the ground are being used in a cave which they are excavating in a hillside in their search for gold.

FRIGHTENED BY A MOTOR VEHICLE : The picture was taken from a jeep on the way to the Tipuani valley. So rare are cars on this route that the mule took fright and had to be blindfolded.

ISOLATED IN THE SOUTH AMERICAN JUNGLE : The huts below the wooded slopes rising from the River Tipuani form the camp of Chimajaukata. No "gold rush" has brought together the 800 inhabitants of this community. Every ton of earth yields no more than an average of two grammes of gold grains.

A POPULAR INHABITANT : The man reading the newspaper is the local ice-cream vendor. He does an excellent trade in the humid climate, especially among the children.

THE REWARDS OF HARD WORK : Miners hand in their gold at the Government agency, where it is weighed and payment made for it in cash.

WINNING FRIENDS FOR FIELD SPORTS

A Visit to Britain's First Game Fair Which Must Surely now Become an Annual Event

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

AT the end of July the first Game Fair ever staged in Britain was held at the Hall Farm, Stetchworth, near Newmarket. This may well strike you as extraordinary. Not only that this was the first Game Fair ever held in Britain, the home of shooting for sport (and I do not know that one has ever been held anywhere else), but even more that it should be held at this time; at a time when the whole "game" set-up is in decline and thought by many people to be on the way out. You could be forgiven for believing that this two-day affair was no more than a shot in the arm for a dying industry.

Well, of course, it is an industry in decline; no matter what the starry-eyed may tell you. All field sports, except fishing, are in decline. This has nothing whatever to do with the activities of the anti-sport societies: it is simply a matter of economics, changing values in a changing world. Shooting, no less than fox-hunting, is an industry in decline. Indeed, it has in many ways been the most seriously-affected of all the field sports.

In the past it was very largely the rich man's sport. But the golden age has gone for ever. And it is no good pretending about this, as many people do at the start of each shooting season. It has gone for ever: there is no possibility of its return. Death duties have broken up many—indeed, most—of the great estates and, in due course, they will break up the survivors. This, it seems to me, is as inevitable as the succession of night and day. With them have gone the companies of gamekeepers, the armies of beaters, and the record bags.

Remembering the golden age, remembering only the after-glow of the inter-world war period, it may well seem that shooting is a doomed industry, a dying sport. There are now considerable areas of the countryside which are wholly unkeepered, and I do not think that there can be the slightest doubt that fewer men per head of the population now shoot than was the case twenty years ago: indeed, many fewer. No longer does the young countryman look eagerly for his first gun: he looks eagerly for his first motor-cycle or sports car, infinitely more lethal weapons. The climate, as it were, has altered.

It has taken a long time for this change in climate to be understood and appreciated. We have clung too long to the memory of the record bag, the highly-organised, abundantly staffed, shoot. The spell of these things, the spell of the golden age, has been so strong that many people simply have not considered the possibility of shooting, convinced that as a sport it would prove much too expensive. It is very much to the credit of the Country Landowners' Association, the organisers of this Game Fair, that it has not only understood and appreciated the change in climate, but has taken steps to show that shooting has an important part to play in the new rural society and need not be expensive. For that is what this Game Fair set out to do. So far from being a shot in the arm for a dying industry, it was the public presentation of a new one. And a very impressive presentation, too.

The emphasis was on the small man, the farmer or small landowner who cannot afford to employ his own gamekeeper. About 40 per cent. of the farms of England and Wales are now occupied by their owners, and for the majority of them it would be safe to say that sporting rights are an unexplored asset. It would not be untrue to say that many of them have never so much as thought of sporting rights as an asset or even of sporting rights at all. It was at this section of the rural community as opposed to the estate owner (who is usually very well aware of the value of his sporting rights) that this first Game Fair was aimed. The whole thing was really designed (though, of course, there was much else besides in the way of sheer entertainment: clay pigeon shooting, gundog trials, archery, falconry, and so forth) to show the farmer and the small landowner how, in co-operation with his neighbours, it is possible to create and look after a small shoot at a most modest cost and without a gamekeeper, and, moreover, to do so without interfering in any way with good farming or forestry practice.

Modern techniques, and there was a most impressive display of them, have certainly brought the creation of a small shoot within the compass of the working farmer. Before the war almost all the rearing of game, both pheasants and partridges, for re-stocking was done by gamekeepers using coops with broody hens on open fields and involved the use of a complicated wet mash. This open field system took up a lot of space and meant a great deal of work. The manufacture of the mash itself (a job requiring great skill) was really hard work, and then the stock had to be shut up at night and a constant guard against "vermin" had to be kept.

All that has been superseded by the movable pen and dry foods which give, as with poultry foods, a balanced diet. These dry foods require no special skill: you just walk round with a bucketful. And the pens do not require special attention nor a constant guard: they can pretty well be left to look after themselves, and they take up much less space. But even these seem likely to be superseded in the near future by artificial incubation and brooding using electricity, paraffin or Calor gas for heating. There was a fascinating exhibition of these newer methods, arranged by the Game Research Station of Fordingbridge, with a loudspeaker commentary which was a model of what such commentaries should be (and so rarely are), and this was most stimulating.

I came away from this Fair convinced that there is absolutely no reason why, say, half a dozen farmers should not get together, form a syndicate, rear a hundred or so pheasants apiece, get some very good shooting—and a useful supplementary crop at the same time. It is, indeed, obvious (and was implicit in the occasion) that game and game-shooting will not survive over the country as a whole, save as the hobby of the diminishing few, unless it is regarded primarily in the light of a supplementary crop and is organised to that end.

I did not, unfortunately, come away so thoroughly convinced about partridges. I do not think that the partridge fits so snugly into modern farming practice as the pheasant. The little brown bird has been having a pretty thin time in recent years, and I did not, I must confess, see anything at this Fair (or hear anything, for that matter) to suggest that things are going to be different in the future. The toxic spray has come to stay, and personally I cannot understand how it can be said not to interfere with wild life, or with certain forms of it, if it, in fact, does what it is claimed to do. And I do not think that anyone would dispute the claim.

But there is, I think, a snag (which has no connection with modern farming practice) even with the pheasant. It lies in that word "syndicate." For the small farmer on his own, even the newest methods would scarcely be worth while from the economic point of view. For the supplementary crop to be an economic proposition a syndicate of neighbouring farmers would be essential. And the trouble about syndicates is that they too often end in the sort of bickering that is characteristic of the biggest syndicate of all, the United Nations.

Not that farmers, or shooting-men generally, are unfriendly folk; far from it. Indeed, the feature of this Game Fair which struck me most forcibly was the very genuine friendliness of everyone concerned. The driving force behind it must be an inspiring genius. I can truly say that I have never experienced such courtesy from the staff of stallholders at a show of any sort before: and I am a show-addict. No one (and this is astonishing in modern England) was too busy to talk, whether you were an obvious customer or not, and yet they were all as busy as could be. And the crowd, a very knowledgeable crowd, was every whit as friendly and courteous.

This was more than just a day out: it was an adventure. No one who visited the Game Fair could possibly believe for a moment that shooting is in decline. It may well be asked why, if this were so at the Fair, a syndicate should not be equally successful. There is no reason why not—except that a syndicate to be successful must have an organiser, and men hate being organised by their friends: or soon get tired of it.

But perhaps a few more Game Fairs will alter even this basic character of human nature. This must surely now become an annual event. But I hope that the next one will not be held near Newmarket, which is not the easiest of places to get to. Put this Fair on the outskirts of a big town and you would win thousands of friends for field sports.

AT BRITAIN'S FIRST GAME FAIR: Mr. Andrew Wylie receives a pigeon from his yellow Labrador during the gun-dog competition which formed part of the Game Fair held at Hall Farm, Stetchworth, near Newmarket. *On left*—Retrieving over water; one of the obstacles in the gun-dog trials at the Game Fair.

CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING AT THE GAME FAIR: Mr. A. J. Steele, of Waltham Abbey Gun Club, was the winner of the Open Challenge Cup of the Eastern Counties Clay Pigeon Shooting Association. He also won the Plaque for those living in the eastern counties.

BRITAIN'S MORMON TEMPLE

It has Been Built at Lingfield, in Surrey, and will be Dedicated in September

THE FIRST MORMON TEMPLE TO BE BUILT IN BRITAIN: It is at Lingfield, in Surrey, and is a rectangular and concrete building surmounted by a slender copper spire. The temple will be dedicated on September 7 after being opened to the public for guided tours between August 16 and 31. Inside the temple teakwood from Burma was used for the panelling and doors and stainless steel from Switzerland for the baptismal font and the casts for the twelve oxen which support it. This is the fourteenth Mormon temple in the world. Members of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints attend services in their local churches; a temple is used for special services such as baptisms and marriage for eternity.

On right—

THE ARCHITECT OF THE TEMPLE: Mr. Edward O. Anderson (left), of Salt Lake City, talks with Mr. Irvin T. Nelson, a landscape architect. The temple at Lingfield is the fifth to be built by Mr. Anderson outside the United States.

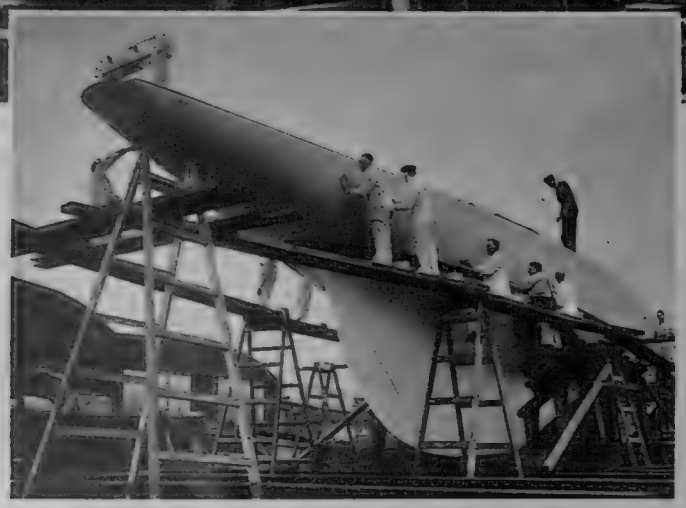
IN THE GROUNDS OF THE MORMON TEMPLE: This house, parts of which are 300 years old, is to become the new chapel mansion, and will be the residence of the president of the temple. The temple and mansion stand in 32 acres of tree-lined lawns.

BRITAIN'S COLONIAL VILLAGE

Amid the Hertfordshire Countryside a Film is Being Made of Shaw's "The Devil's Disciple"

A BREAK DURING THE FIRST DAY'S FILMING IN HERTFORDSHIRE: On location in Tring Park, Lord Rothschild's 500-acre estate in Hertfordshire, where a Hollywood company, Hecht-Hill-Lancaster, has just started making a film version of George Bernard Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*, are, from the left: Mr. Burt Lancaster (the Rev. Anthony Anderson), Miss Janette Scott (Judith Anderson, his wife), Mr. Kirk Douglas (Richard Dudgeon) and Sir Laurence Olivier (General Burgoyne). Sir Laurence, wearing a general's uniform of scarlet and gold, is holding the reins of the horse Viking, which he rides in many sequences in the film, the total cost of which will be about £750,000. The three actors and actress are pictured, standing at the top of a slope, against a background of the picturesque eighteenth-century set. It is a replica of the New Hampshire village of Websterbridge as it appeared at the time of the American War of Independence.

FIRE ON THE SET: Technicians and extras help extinguish a fire which broke out at the rear of the mock eighteenth-century village, built in Tring Park, to convert a part of Old England into the New England setting of Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple*.



FINAL PREPARATIONS BEFORE THE SHIPMENT OF BRITAIN'S AMERICA'S CUP CHALLENGER TO THE UNITED STATES: *Sceptre* is repainted in the yard of Camper and Nicholson at Southampton. *On left*—**Another view of the men applying the special plastic finish to her hull. At the beginning of last week the 90-ft. aluminium alloy mast was lifted out of the yacht and she was hauled up the slipway.** Having been given her spruce-up, she was to be cradled for loading in the *Alsatia*, which was due to leave Southampton for America on Sunday. In the final stages of her trials in British waters against *Evaine*, *Sceptre* showed herself superior in every respect. In particular, the placing of some of her winches in new positions greatly helped the efficiency of the crew. *Evaine's* mast is being shipped to the United States, with *Sceptre*, as a spare. In American waters the challenger will have several weeks of practice before the race for the cup on September 20. As she was prepared for the transatlantic voyage, the American yachts *Easterner*, *Weatherly*, *Columbia* and *Vim* continued their trials to decide which of them should be the defender.

FINISHING TOUCHES TO "SCEPTRE"

The America's Cup Challenger on the Stocks

A "HOME-MADE" YACHT

Built in an Aberdeen Back Garden

THE LAUNCH OF A VESSEL WHICH TOOK FOUR YEARS TO BUILD: *Left*—Dressed with bunting *Cadenza* is swung by a crane over Waterloo quay at Aberdeen. *Right*—The yacht is lowered to settle in the water. Several hundred people had gathered to witness what was the fulfilment of an Aberdeen businessman's ambition. Four years ago Mr. Derek C. Richfield conceived the idea of building a yacht for himself, although he had had no previous experience of the construction of boats. He obtained an architect's design from which he proposed to work and started collecting the necessary materials. His " yard " was the back garden of his home in Rubislaw Park Crescent. Slowly, but surely, he built up his craft and last month it was ready for launching. Before the boat left the quay, the builder's wife, Mrs. Yvonne Richfield, who had herself helped in the construction, broke a bottle of champagne over the bows. *Cadenza* is an ocean-going yacht, 26 ft. long and weighing 5 tons. Mr. Richfield's achievement is particularly remarkable because yacht construction requires special skills, even from experienced boat-builders.

THE PIGEONS OF VENICE—A NEVER-FAILING ATTRACTION FOR VISITORS: The sightseers have turned their backs on the splendours of the skyline of the waterfront to look at the pigeons. These birds are to be seen in many parts of the city of canals and often seem to have more attraction for tourists than the masterpieces of some of the world's greatest artists surrounding them. Venice is a starting point for coach tours through the art centres of the north of Italy down the peninsula to Rome and further south.

EN ROUTE TO FLORENCE: The hostess explains to her party of Americans, the itinerary which the coach will take to Florence. A very high proportion of tourists in Italy are Americans.

ROMAN TRIUMPH IN MODERN STYLE: Heads are turned as the coach drives through the streets of Rome. The passengers listen to a guide pointing out the monuments they are passing.

THE PATH WHICH CÆSAR'S LEGIONS TROD: A farmer holds up a basket of cherries between Venice and Florence and a passenger helps himself while another takes a photograph.

A VANTAGE POINT FOR PHOTOGRAPHY: Cameras are focused in Venice for picturing the famous Ponte dei Sospiri, or Bridge of Sighs. It is a favourite subject for visitors' cameras.

A Holiday in Italy

Sight-seeing in Various Parts of the Peninsula

DR. JOHNSON once remarked that "a man who has not been in Italy is always conscious of an inferiority." No one would deny the importance of visiting the Italian peninsula. The problem is not whether to go but where to go. Italy offers an embarrassment of riches and ideally one wants an almost unlimited leisure for their full enjoyment.

Rome is obviously a "must" at the top of the list of places to be seen and the city of the Cæsars and the seat of the Popes can occupy anyone's attentions for months at a time. The art galleries and architectural monuments of the north, the landscapes of Umbria and Tuscany, the Italian Alps, the fascinating remains of the pre-Roman Etrurian civilisation—all these make demanding claims, and the amateur of music can spend hours in concert halls and theatres. Milan, in the estimation of many, is second only to Vienna in its production of opera. Nor should modern and contemporary Italy be neglected. There is much to catch the eye in industrial and other development.

The best way to get to know the country is undoubtedly through a series of visits, each limited to a particular area. By this means history and atmosphere can be absorbed without too much exhaustion. There can be few more physically fatiguing expeditions than a day in the rooms of one of the splendid art galleries or in studying the details of a vast cathedral or palace.

Unfortunately, not everybody can plan holidays in this manner. Time, and very often money, is restricted. Therefore the tendency is to see as much as possible in the shortest period. There are many aids for the speedy tourist—an efficient network of railways, an abundance of good hotels and excellent roads. Italy claims, with justification, to have some of the best highways in Europe and these are constantly being

(*Continued on following pages*)

ON THE WATERFRONT OF VENICE: The Piazetta runs below a balcony of the Doges' Palace. In the right background is the base of one of the monolithic columns on this part of the waterfront.

EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHES: A connoisseur of art sits down to examine his catalogue and decide what to see in the plenitude of treasures of the Uffizi

WHAT NEXT? In a street in Florence a tourist ponders with open guide-book what to visit next.

On left—
A GLIMPSE OF THE POPE: Cameras are trained by tourists in the square outside St. Peter's, in Rome, to record His Holiness as he appears at a window.

On right—
A CLOSE-UP VIEW IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY: A visitor to Florence employs field-glasses to examine some of the exhibits in Room 15. Behind her is a painting by Lorenzo di Credi.

AMONG SOME OF THE MOST FAMOUS REMAINS IN ITALY: A guide talks to a party in the ruins of Pompeii. The excavations of the city destroyed by the eruptions of Vesuvius are a draw to visitors in Italy. A small army of guides is always ready to conduct tours.

A WELL-NEEDED REST: Visitors and inhabitants sit and stand around the base of a piece of statuary in Venice to rest in the middle of the day. It is on informal occasions such as this that the tourists and the local people come to know each other

A HOLIDAY IN ITALY

(*Continued from previous page*)

improved. At present the ambitious project "the Highway of the Sun" is taking shape. This is a broad motor road planned to run as straight as possible from Milan in the north down to Rome and Naples and on to the south.

In these circumstances tours by coach have their attraction. The itineraries cover an enormous amount of ground in a short time and, needless to say, they are "conducted," each party having a guide to keep them informed of the wealth of treasure through which they are passing. A high proportion of those who use the coaches are Americans, and the pictures on these pages were taken during a trip by a group from the United States earlier this summer. The journey started in Venice and ended in Capri, a distance of nearly 700 miles. The photographer has given an interesting report on the reactions of the tourists to their travel.

Practically every American carries a camera. So, panorama and landscape had a great attraction. Indeed, few countries can rival Italy in settings for photography. But the tourists did not like to be told what they should look at. They liked to choose their subjects for themselves. Surprisingly for natives of what is generally regarded as an urban society was their interest in agriculture. Often they asked for the names of plants and flowers and noted them down.

History had little appeal. Few of them seemed to have read up "background" in preparation for the tr... Paintings and sculpture were not a great attraction—he... the Americans differ from the Europeans, who appared... cannot have too much of Art, with a capital A. B... strangely enough, mosaics were always a favour... According to one of the tourists, it was the amount ... work involved in their creation which so impressed h... (To this one might surely reply that the Cathedral ... Milan, for instance, or St. Mark's, in Venice, were n... exactly built all in one piece.)

Eager though they were to see ancient Italy, the visito... had an equal enthusiasm for the Italy of to-day—especi... its people and the ways in which they live. With experien... in industry and commerce, they would never cease ... inquire into wages and standards of living, social insura...

A POINT OF INTEREST: A couple who have almost certainly not come from America discuss something which interests them in the centre of Venice.

A WALK THROUGH POMPEII: A stone preserved from the destruction brought to the city by the eruptions of Vesuvius is touched by one of a party of visitors being shown round the extensive excavations near Naples.

IN TWO NOTABLE SQUARES: *Above*—Visitors wait in St. Peter's Square, in Rome, in the hope of seeing the Pope. *On left*—In the early morning priests and other local inhabitants, including the pigeons, are seen in St. Mark's Square, in Venice. Tourists are rarely about at this time of day.

A NAP BETWEEN ROME AND NAPLES: Sleep has overcome the two travellers who are making the journey by rail from Rome to Naples on the line through Monte Cassino.

and the ownership—private or public—of some particular plant or enterprise. The food, it seems, did not appeal to their palates, but the displays of the big shops—especially the jewellers of Milan, Florence and Venice—were a matter for great admiration and very considerable purchases were made in several places.

Tourism is a highly-organised business in Italy. Some may deplore the speed with which coach parties are driven around the country—for instance, Pompeii is sometimes "done" in an hour or less—and argue that much that is worthwhile must be missed. Yet if one follows the modern trend of quantity rather than quality what better way is there of seeing Italy than by coach? Even a passing glimpse of some great monument of the past or a brief look at a landscape immortalised by an artist may help to rid the traveller of Dr. Johnson's "consciousness of inferiority."

A SCULPTURE WITH A HISTORY: In the Gallery Borghese, in Rome, the guide describes to his party of travellers from the United States the details of the statue of Napoleon's sister, Pauline Bonaparte, as Venus, by Canova. It is generally regarded as an ideal example of the sculptor's art during the period of the First Napoleon's hegemony of Europe.

IN ENGLAND AND AUSTRALIA

As the Cricket Season in This Country Draws to a Close, Attention is Focussed Upon the Forthcoming Tour of Australia

By NEVILLE CARDUS

BENAUD IMPROVES HIS LEG-SPIN: The all-rounder must be regarded as the key man for Australia in the forthcoming Test series against the M.C.C. touring team.

THE NEW ZEALAND TOURISTS MEET ENGLAND AT OLD TRAFFORD: In the second innings of the fourth Test Match D'Arcy, the New Zealand opening bat, is in play to Lock. Fielding, from left to right, are: Trueman, Watson, Subba Row and Evans. England having won the previous three Tests, several changes were made in the team for the fourth match in the series, Bailey; Cowdrey and Laker being among those omitted. Dexter, Illingworth and Subba Row made their first appearance for England.

"THE WORLD'S GREATEST BATSMAN": At Old Trafford, P. B. H. May, the Surrey and England captain, drives a ball from MacGibbon for four. He scored 101 before being bowled by the same bowler. May will lead the England team in Australia for the forthcoming tour.

IN spite of many wet and wasted days, the cricket season has had satisfying compensations so that, as ever, we mourn its passing as the hint of autumn comes into the air. Between the floods, first-class cricket has been very much alive, with no alacrity for sinking at all. The splendid victorious form of Hampshire has delighted every lover of the game. Not only because in Hampshire, cradle of cricket, success and reputation have usually been hard to come by but, more important, because Hampshire's rise to eminence in the county championship has been gained mainly by a brilliant stroke-player and by an offensive bowler.

Marshall and Shackleton are never negative cricketers. Moreover, an enterprising captain has, match after match, nailed brave colours to the Hampshire mast. Ingleby Mackenzie's example of bold leadership will, let us hope, be followed in loftier councils of war where, to tell the truth, a rather timid parsimonious spirit has had influence in recent years.

The revival of form among the so-called "weaker" counties—Somerset, Kent, Leicestershire, Sussex, is all to the good, though it is not certain proof that English first-class cricket is improving generally in skill. The chain is as strong as its weakest link. Yorkshire and Lancashire teams of yore would have made short shrift of most counties of 1958 (Surrey at the Oval excepted). Equality of chance in the county championship naturally awakens a wide public interest in the final awards and positions in the table. But it remains doubtful that cricket as a whole is technically as good as it should be. There are few batsmen before us at the present day comparable as stroke-players to Hammond, Hardstaff, Compton, Barnett, Ames, Washbrook, Edrich, Fishlock—to name at random a few leading names of 1938 (not to go back to the Hobbs-Woolley-Hendren-Cyril Walters period!).

Of few batsmen now prominently before the public can we say that, granted an innings of an hour's duration, they will guarantee us stylish and masterful strokeplay. P. B. H. May, of course, is continually making grand and beautiful hits at his pleasure. But after we have remembered Marshall, Graveney, Jack Robertson, Marner, Washbrook, Watson, Dexter, and Parks, we are running out of batsmen who are not any day as likely to bore as entertain us. Week after week some instance of slow scoring occurs, slower than any dawdling of the years before 1950. Within ten days this season two players stayed at the wicket an hour without scoring. It is possible at the present time to hear applause greeting the return to the pavilion of some plodder who has scored 50 in three hours.

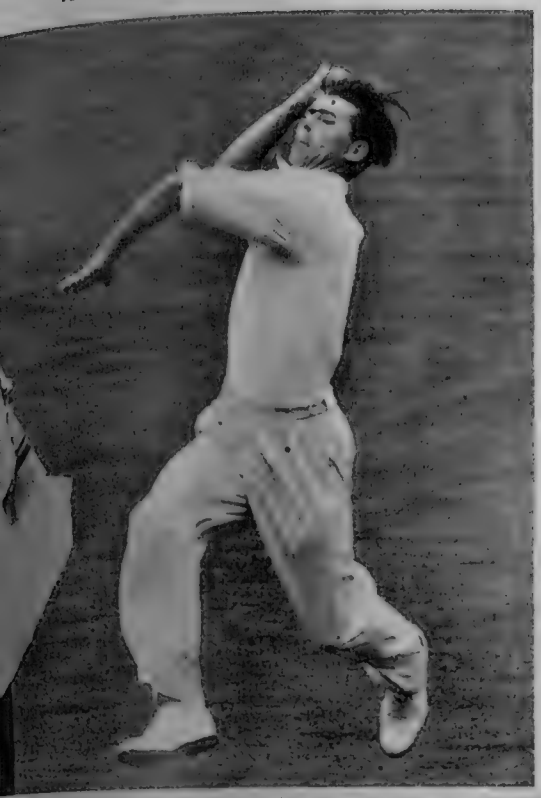
The cause of much sterile play is no doubt occasionally due to negative bowling pitched short of a length on the leg-stump, while the ball is swinging. But I do not believe that a really great batsman is as easily reduced in scope and power of strokeplay by devices as obvious as shortish inswingers and outswingers. The seam does not encourage swerve all day. Why cannot the "scientific" seamsters keep Peter May quiet, or Marshall? There is too much "theory" talked in first-class cricket. The "Old Masters" never argued before the event. They "went by experience." As George Gunn once said to me, in his old age, "batsmen have always made two serious mistakes—they take too much notice of the state of the wicket, prodding and patting it. . . . And, what is worse, they take too much notice of the bowling. . . ."

Cricket, at its best, should exhibit its various kinds of skill at their best, all the time. Day by day we should be able to see fine offensive strokes, strong and dour defensive strokes, drives, cuts, glances, obstinate stone-walling—all as the occasion calls for them. We should be able to see day-by-day fast bowling, slow and medium-paced bowling, off-breaks, leg-breaks, swerves, "googlies," and the whole of the bowler's armoury as evolved to date. But for the most part, what we do see afternoon and afternoon in cricket to-day is either fast- or medium-paced seam bowling, coped with by much the same batting technique, off the back foot. We are so poverty-stricken in spin-bowling that the Selection Committee of the M.C.C. are seemingly not in a position to cast for ever out of Test match company two masters of spin after each has announced disinclination to play for England in Australia.

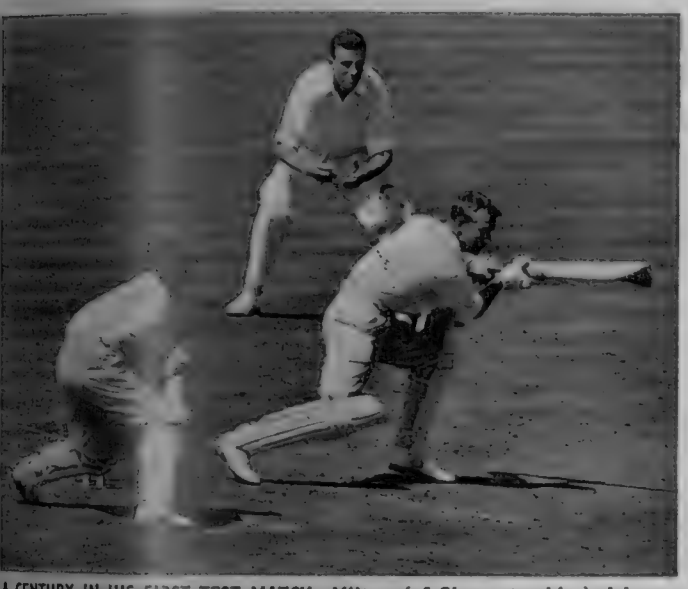
The absence on Australian wickets of Wardle's variety of spin, from the back of the left hand, would probably have proved a severe handicap. It is not generally understood in this country that on normal Australian wickets ordinary right-hand finger spin is of little use. It is also not generally realised that wickets in Australian Test matches are protected from rain. Even if they were not protected and were to become "sticky," slow- or medium-paced bowlers, would not be chosen to exploit the vicious turf. In Australia it is the quick bowlers—such as Bedser, Loader, Miller—who are unplayable on turf affected by sun and rain. So nine times out of ten, an off-spinner of Laker's type might easily turn out a liability, not an asset, during a test series in Australia. Or at best he might come in useful for the ordinary fixtures of the tour.

Neglect of leg-spin among English cricket could lose us the next rubber in Australia. If Ritchie Benaud has improved his leg-spin as much as friends of his maintain, then he must be thought of already as the key man in the Test matches looming ahead. No English batsman, not even May, carries my confidence in the face of the flighted spin that runs sharply away from the bat. No English batsman, in fact, has had opportunity to practise against good leg-spin in recent years.

We may be sure that this time, when Peter May and his team arrive in Australia, they will discover vastly



HAMPSHIRE'S RISE TO EMINENCE IN THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP: The three county players from the left are Shackleton, Ingleby-Mackenzie and Marshall. By the middle of last week Hampshire, who had played eighteen matches in the championship (one less than Surrey), were 18 points ahead of the champions. Last year they finished thirteenth.



A CENTURY IN HIS FIRST TEST MATCH: Milton (of Gloucestershire) drives a ball from Reid during England's only innings in the third Test at Leeds. He scored 104 not out. Milton has been chosen to go to Australia.

STATHAM'S VICTIMS AT OLD TRAFFORD: *Left*—Sparling is caught off Statham after making 50 in the first innings. *Right*—Sutcliffe, New Zealand's opening bat, is out for 41 as his off-stump goes flying from a ball from the Lancashire fast-bowler. Statham has also been chosen to tour Australia.

different wickets at Sydney and Melbourne from those on which Tyson and Statham wreaked destruction during Hutton's campaign. On that happy tour (for England) the turf at Melbourne and Sydney was prepared in a way, with lots of grass on it, to suit the pace of Lindwall and Miller; but the strategy played into the hands of the younger Statham and Tyson. Besides, it must not be forgotten that Lindwall was unable, through injury, to play in the Adelaide Test, and Miller, also injured, could not bowl on the fiery Sydney turf in the second crucial game of the 1954-1955 rubber. The wickets in Australia now awaiting Peter May and his men will, I am sure, be true and firm, but likely to get dusty after the third day—to suit the leg-spin of Benaud.

The dismal summer experienced by the New Zealand cricketers brought little gain to them in renown or finance; and certainly it has served England poorly too. For the Test matches against many untutored players, on turning wickets—players who in New Zealand mostly confine their efforts and ambitions to Saturday matches—have not exactly been a severe rehearsal for England's trial of strength in Australia. False values have inevitably been set up. Any ordinarily good English county player should be capable on a decent pitch of scoring a hundred, with hardly a run made off the front foot, against a New Zealand XI of the present time. The New Zealanders were dogged by persistent ill-luck. Not only did the weather strongly reinforce England's attack. Physical damage to Sutcliffe, New Zealand's best batsman, came as a depressing blow at the tour's beginning; then the accident to Petrie at Old Trafford occurred at a moment very important for them.

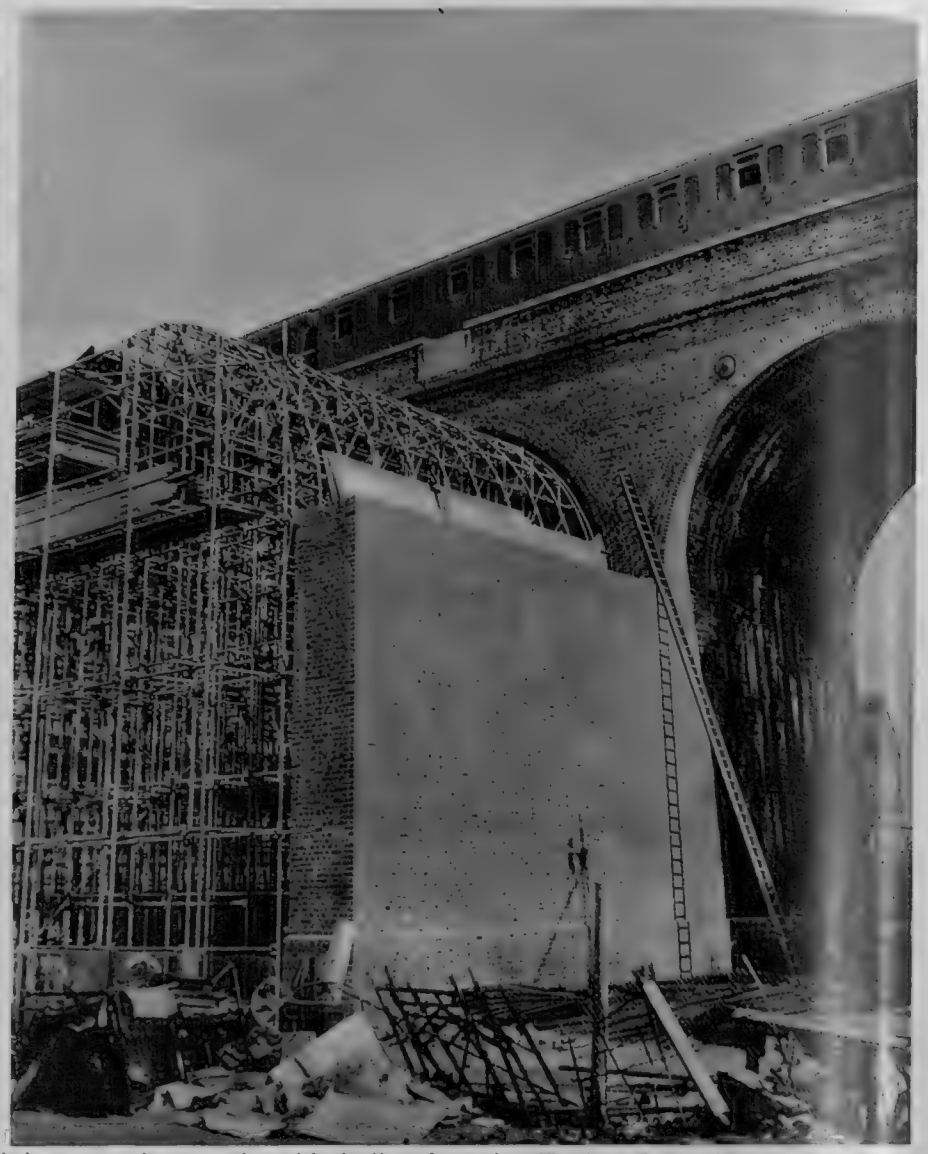
Before they were downcast by English Test bowling on sodden turf, the New Zealanders did extremely well against the counties. Sooner or later the authorities will have to decide whether anybody gets advantage from Test matches which can never be evenly-contested trials of skill. County cricket here is more than ever dependent largely on financial support obtained from gate-money paid to see Test matches. The public may in time come to distrust even a mention of Test matches. Something should be done to qualify in terms of skill any overseas cricket team to Test match rank; in other words, they must show themselves good enough seriously to challenge the best.

The bad weather naturally emptied the coffers of county clubs throughout the country, especially in Yorkshire. Even in fine weather the public is staying away from county cricket in mid-week. The public goes to watch first-class cricket largely to applaud and enjoy good batting; the interest in championship results, records and the rest, can be sustained by the newspapers and radio. Crowds have flocked to Hampshire grounds because of the brilliant strokes of Marshall. It is difficult to account for the fact that batsmanship in general has developed into a system of defence operated from the back foot, not only in first-class cricket but at the public schools, one of whose chosen teams scored less than 50 in three hours, several weeks ago.

Let me return to the brighter note on which my article begins. No summer can be considered not memorable that witnessed the grandeur of Peter May's batting, the superb bowling of Statham, Lock (who took his hundredth wicket in Test Match cricket at Old Trafford last week, when his figures for New Zealand's second innings were 7 for 35), Trueman and—on his day—Tribe, of Northamptonshire. And Shackleton, match after match, has been the most accurate of them all. He must really have asked himself many times what more in the way of skill he is expected to do to catch again the eyes of the Selectors. Only twice has he been asked to bowl for England in this country, in 1950 on a flawless Trent Bridge wicket against the West Indies, when Weekes scored 129 and Worrell 261; and in 1951, against South Africa at Kennington Oval, when in two innings he sent down 25 overs for 1 wicket and 39 runs. It is, of course, impossible for due honour to be rendered in every deserving case; but Shackleton, more than any other living cricketer, has reason to doubt the eternal fitness of things. But Shackleton would be the first to admit that his kind of attack is very much dependent on green English turf and an English density of atmosphere.

The paradox of English cricket at the moment is that though the quality in general is not very good, it has been possible to draw from the cream of it the strongest all-round England team gathered together for many years. Peter May will lead a combination in Australia containing the three finest fast bowlers now in the game. He himself is the world's greatest batsman, and with him will be at least six or seven players possessed of strokes and experienced defensive powers—Cowdrey, Watson, Subba Row, Graveney, Milton, Richardson and Bailey. I do not think Richardson can boast the Test match pedigree, but he is a busy little workman who somehow stays at the wicket, and prospers. He, Watson and Subba Row, being left-handed, should worry Benaud by rendering less dangerous his leg-spin. And even if Laker and Lock find Australian wickets less co-operative to their arts than Kennington Oval's incalculable turf, they both know all the tricks of the slow and slow-medium bowler's trade. Besides, I have no doubt that Lock will develop into an all-rounder. He is far more accomplished technically as a batsman than most people know.

I cannot believe that Peter May's team will lose the rubber to Australia's best cricketers of to-day. Much depends on the attitude of mind in which he leads his men into action. If he attacks without timidity, at the first sign of a weakening in the enemy's position, an England victory should naturally ensue. May has so far enjoyed a career of more or less continuous success. An interruption in the conquering rhythm is not likely to happen in Australia unless he hesitates for a moment to trust his lucky star absolutely.



EXTENSIVE CONSTRUCTIONAL WORK IN THE ST. MARY CRAY AREA OF KENT: Work is in progress in connection with the Kent Coast electrification scheme of the Southern Region of British Railways. The bridge *on the left* is being reconstructed as it was too narrow to span the new and additional tracks, and the viaduct *on the right* is being widened. In addition to the viaduct, eleven bridges have had to be reconstructed. The work in this area forms only a small part of the extensive modernisation scheme in the Region.

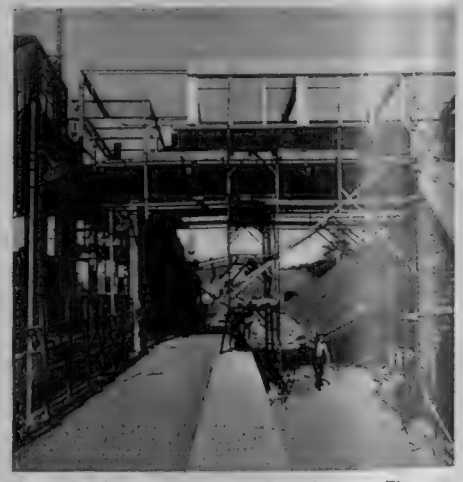
MODERNISATION IN KENT

Progress in the Electrification Scheme of the Southern Region of British Railways

The gigantic modernisation project for the Southern Region, which is costing a total of £49,000,000, consists of four individual schemes. They are the two phases of the Kent Coast electrification programme; the introduction of diesel-electric multiple-unit trains on the London to Hastings line, and the Gatwick Air-rail link. The station at the new airport has been provided at the request of the Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation to make possible the direct link between London and the Continent and the Channel Islands.

The first phase of the Kent Coast electrification scheme is scheduled for completion in June of next year and the estimated cost, including rolling stock, is £25,000,000. The object is to electrify 78 route miles. In the second phase, 157 miles of permanent way are to be electrified, but the work on this section is not due to be started until 1959. It will be completed in June 1962, and the cost, including rolling stock, will be £20,000,000. The pictures on this page show the work which is being carried out in the St. Mary Cray area in connection with phase one. At this point the permanent way is being extended from two to four tracks so that all traffic will be more easily handled. The work, which began in August of last year, entails the reconstruction of eleven bridges as well as the widening of a viaduct. Before reconstruction, some of the bridges had to be completely demolished, two being blown down with explosives. At St. Mary Cray Station the platforms are being replaced and other stations along the line are being extended to take twelve-car trains. The extension to the electrified line actually begins at Gillingham. So far, all work in the four schemes is up to schedule.

The Kent coast and Hastings routes on the region are more than holiday lines to the resorts in the south-east corner of England. As well as including alternative routes for Continental boat trains they handle heavy week-day traffic between the City and the Medway towns and other areas.



A NEW STATION FOR ST. MARY CRAY: Island platforms are being built to replace the former staggered platforms. The new buildings at the station include a booking hall at road-level. Heavy retaining walls are also being built to accommodate the widened lines and goods yards. Altogether, the present modernisation scheme in the region is costing £49,000,000.

On right—

WIDENING THE VIADUCT: The view of the viaduct, which crosses the London to Hastings road, gives some indication of the amount of scaffolding required for this part of the work.

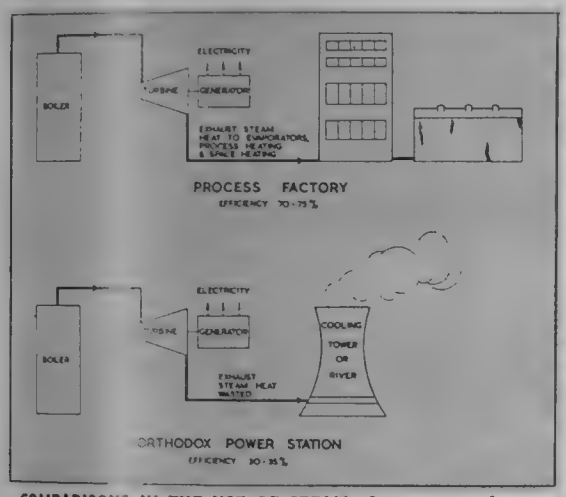
PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

PRIVATE POWER: BRITAIN'S NON-NATIONALISED INDUSTRY

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

EVER since March 1948 electricity supply has been a State monopoly in Britain, run by a succession of nationalised bodies which have altered in nomenclature as Governments have fiddled about with the pattern of the supply industry's organisation. To-day there are a Central Electricity Generating Board and twelve Area Electricity Boards in England and Wales, brooded over by an Electricity Council and supplemented by another Electricity Board and a Hydro-Electricity Authority in Scotland. To the ordinary citizen the labels do not matter much: he buys his power from one Electricity Board or another, and he cannot buy it anywhere else.

What is not always realised is that this is a nationalised monopoly of sale, not of production: there is nothing to stop the customer making the electricity himself. To the domestic consumer—except perhaps in the remote farmhouse without grid supplies, accustomed to running its little generator with a windmill or a diesel engine—the distinction may seem pretty academic. To the industrialist it is not. British industry owns electricity generating plant equal to about a fifth of the total capacity of public-owned power stations in Britain; and though its equipment, over the year, generates only a sixth as much power as the nationalised suppliers sell, this accounts for something approaching a quarter of all the electricity industry consumes itself. At the time of the last inquiry into the matter, in 1953, it was estimated that there were about 4,500,000 kilowatts of generating plant owned by independent industrialists, generating about 12,000,000,000 kilowatt-hour "units" of power a year. Since then the electricity produced in industry has gone up to about 13,000,000,000 units, and capacity has probably gone up, too.



COMPARISONS IN THE USE OF STEAM: In a process factory the steam is produced and used for the various heating processes; these usually require steam at a low pressure. If the steam is raised at a high pressure it can be passed through an engine or turbine to generate power on the way as an extremely economical by-product. In an orthodox power station there is no heating load so that all the heat in the exhaust steam has to be wasted. *On right*—The 10 megawatt back-pressure turbo generator which is installed at Tate and Lyle's Plaistow Wharf Refinery. Most of the day it generates three megawatts more than required by the factory and this is exported to the grid.

This independently-owned capacity is of all sorts and sizes: it ranges from small engines and turbines of less than 30 h.p. to big turbines ranging in size from 10,000 to 30,000 kilowatts. It might be added, incidentally, that the "private" establishments shown in the statistics of "generation by industry" have reached nuclear electricity somewhat ahead of the nationalised power system. Calder Hall comes into this category; it is a plant operated by the Atomic Energy Authority primarily for the production of plutonium for military purposes, and it sells some of the electricity that it produces as a by-product to the electricity authorities only after supplying its own needs and those of other AEA establishments nearby.

Even a turbine of 30,000 kilowatts capacity, which is a big plant for any independent factory to run, is pretty small when compared with the modern sets that the Central Electricity Generating Board is putting into its power stations to-day: 60,000 kilowatts is now the minimum standard for new sets, and units up to 200,000 kilowatts are going into some of the new stations. Moreover, power station equipment offers very considerable "economies of scale," particularly in capital cost; the cost per kilowatt installed, and hence the price per unit generated, can be markedly reduced if electricity is produced in really big plants. It might be assumed, therefore, that industrial generation is comparatively inefficient when set against the public supply; and that it would often pay industrialists who own small generating sets to stop using them and buy from the grid.

In practice, the exact reverse is often the case: for simple and quite unalterable technical reasons. In terms of thermal efficiency at least, the industrialist's plant is very often far and away more efficient than the best power station can hope to be, simply because it uses the heat that the power station has to waste through its cooling tower or in warming up a river.

The public electricity authorities use condensing power plant, in which after doing all the work that can be got out of it in the finest modern turbo-alternators, the steam is condensed by cooling water that takes out to waste 60-65 per cent. of the heat put into it in the boiler. Their business is to supply electricity, of which tremendous amounts are required in places where there is no concentrated demand for heat, which is in any case harder to transmit; in very few cases, in Britain, is any use made of exhaust heat from power stations.

By contrast, the industrialist will seldom be interested in generating electricity unless he needs the heat as well; in practice, factory generation is perhaps most often a matter of making use of the steam that he needs anyway for his production processes and to heat his factory. To make electricity he may have to generate the steam in his boiler at a higher pressure than he needs otherwise, and to instal a "back-pressure" or "pass-out" turbine in his steam circulation system; but the whole operation may convert 10-20 per cent. of the energy in the coal to electricity and 60 per cent. to useful heat, giving a total thermal efficiency of 70-80 per cent. against the 30-35 per cent. generation efficiency of the modern power station.

The industries likely to be able to generate their own power most efficiently, therefore, are those using considerable amounts of steam and able to generate this in efficient modern boilers: in particular, process industries such as chemicals, large-scale food processing, paper, and the like. Iron and steel is a somewhat special case as an industry with metallurgical processes requiring vast amounts of heat and mechanical processes requiring a great amount of electricity. It is in these industries that the country's greatest experts on heat-and-power generation are to be found—and the greatest enthusiasts for extending private generation by industry, both as a sensible business operation and as a contribution to Britain's fuel economy as a whole. For coal turned into heat and power at 80 per cent. thermal efficiency, so long as it is also efficient economically, is a better bargain for industry and the country than coal turned into electricity plus the plume of steam from hundreds of ugly cooling towers.

The 1953 inquiry referred to above, upon which experts on private generation gave advice, suggested that about half of the industrial establishments in Britain then using 2,000 tons or more of fuel a year had engines and turbines of various kinds, sizes, and ages installed, though all but about 15 per cent. of these establishments did produce steam. A number of experts have long argued that the number of factories now producing steam efficiently and making electricity profitably from it is only a fraction of the numbers that could readily do so.

Primarily, the profit that a factory can make by using its steam to make power through a turbine comes in cutting the heavy cost of buying power. Electricity is not an expensive commodity; but since the war, the prices that industry pays for it have gone up more than the domestic consumer's bills, partly because many industrialists have a "coal clause" in their supply contracts that puts the price to them up automatically for every change in the price of fuel. Moreover, industry pays for its power partly through a heavy "maximum demand charge"; any measures it can take to reduce its peak demands upon the public supply system offer potential economies. Given efficient boiler operation and heat transmission systems throughout its factory, it is not difficult for even a moderate-sized business to generate "by-product" electricity cheaper than it can buy from the Electricity Board. In Tate and Lyle's sugar refineries an annual saving of approximately £400,000 is secured by generating power from steam that then goes to process, instead of buying the electricity from the grid. By spending a little extra money on plant a very good return can, in suitable circumstances, be got by selling power to the grid. In one of Tate and Lyle's sugar refineries at Silvertown, a back-pressure turbine installation that cost no more than £68,000 extra to enable it to export power is gaining the company £30,000 a year from sales of power to the grid; in another, the extra cost of the plant is being recouped in less than one year. By generating power from process steam Tate and Lyle are not only making a good profit, they are saving the nation 50,000 tons of coal a year.

These are not massive installations, but plant with a capacity of 10,000 kilowatts or less: Many industrial technologists argue that the size of plant that can generate its own power profitably is usually exaggerated. It can be done profitably in far smaller units though it always needs expert attention, both to efficiency of equipment and to balance of operating conditions. A concern will be extremely fortunate if its maximum demand for steam in its processes and heating coincides exactly with its maximum demand for electricity; the dual operation will encourage at once economy in the use of both within the plant and fairly careful balancing of costs for its own steam, its own power, and power from the grid. For most plants which make their own power also buy power from the grid; those that can obtain the nationalised board's agreement also sell power to it.

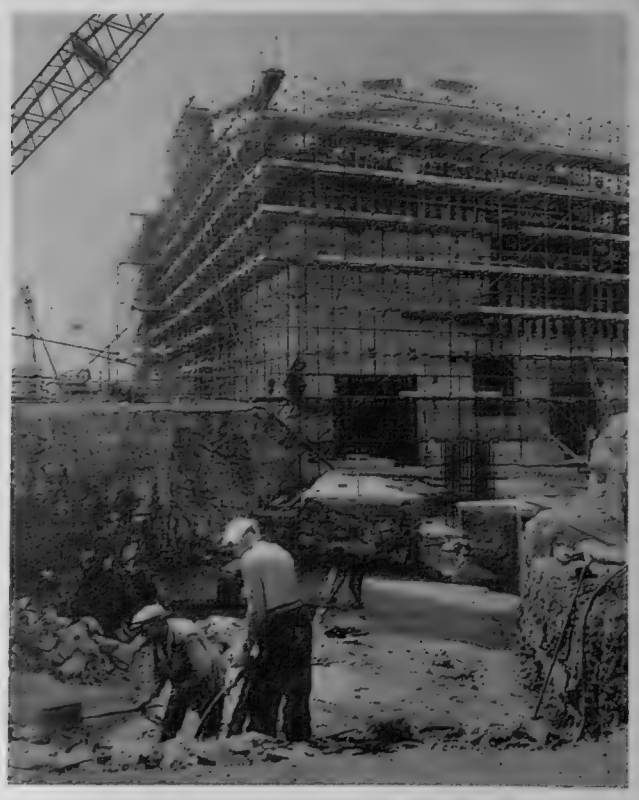
Ideally, the best possible use of the country's whole generating capacity, public and private alike, might be made by connecting all into the grid and taking the electricity needed at any time from all the plants where it could be generated cheapest. In practice, the conditions for connecting private industrial stations in parallel with the grid tend to be somewhat onerous, technically and economically. Until a few years ago, industrialists complained that the electricity authorities were reluctant to conclude contracts for exchange of power on a commercial basis. Although the nationalised boards have now become a good deal more liberal in their attitude towards connecting in the private "auto-producer," they are seldom prepared to pay him as much as they pay the central generating system for the current supplied to their local electricity distribution systems. To some extent, it is still perhaps the attitude of the electricity supply industry that inhibits more industrialists from generating their own private power and exporting their surplus; but the main obstacle is still probably lack of knowledge of fuel economy and sheer ignorance of the commercial advantages of private generation.

NEW WATER WORKS AT ASHFORD COMMON

The Ashford Common works are situated in the Urban District of Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex. They form a major part of the Metropolitan Water Board's post-war programme of development and probably constitute the largest complete filtration station and pumping plant ever constructed at one time in Europe. The site occupies about 125 acres to the east of the Queen Mary storage reservoir at Littleton, and is conveniently situated for integration into the existing system of works in the Thames Valley. The works comprise two aeration basins, twenty-four micro-strainers, thirty-two slow sand filter beds, a chemical treatment plant, two contact and balancing tanks, high and low lift pumping machinery, mains and ancillaries. They are so laid out that when necessary one-half can be put out of commission while a substantial proportion of the total output can be maintained from the other half. Water will normally be received from the Queen Mary reservoir through a tunnel of 100 ins. diameter. It may also be taken from either an existing 72-in. conduit or from the Staines group of reservoirs, via the Staines Aqueduct. After purification, the water will be pumped to districts in the north, west and south of London.

PRODUCING HIGH-QUALITY CASTINGS

The operator is dipping a frozen mercury pattern into slurry to make a ceramic mould at the Sankey-Telcon works at Crawley, in Sussex. It forms part of the Mercast precision investment casting process which offers the best method for the production of the high-quality castings required by the aircraft, electronics and gas turbine industries. Frozen mercury (minus 65 deg. C.) is used as the pattern material in this unique process of which Sankey-Telcon Limited are the sole operating licensees in this country. Mercury in the dies is frozen in a freeze tank and these frozen mercury patterns, after extraction from the dies, are invested with the Zircon base ceramic in a dip tank as seen above. To speed up the freezing the freeze tank is filled with acetone. The invested frozen mercury patterns are then allowed to warm up when the mercury melts and runs out of the moulds. The moulds are fired at high temperatures ready for casting either by inversion pouring or simple open pouring, or by sling, vibration, centrifugal or suction casting, depending upon the complexity of mould and alloy being cast. All alloys are cast in these moulds.



PROGRESS AT THE HINKLEY POINT POWER STATION

The construction of the main biological shield of the first reactor at the Hinkley Point Atomic Power Station in Somerset is now more than half complete. Work on the foundations of the shield began in the middle of January and, by last month, 13,000 cub. yards of high-quality concrete had been placed in the shield and foundations. The picture *above*, taken from the south-west corner of the No. 1 reactor building, shows the 7-ft.-thick secondary biological shield with the three large openings cast-in for gas circulator ducting and two access holes. *On left* the picture, which was also taken from the same building, shows the secondary biological shield with the primary shield behind it. In the foreground the foundation slabs are being laid for one of the gas circulator houses. The foundations of the biological shield for the second reactor are also nearing completion.

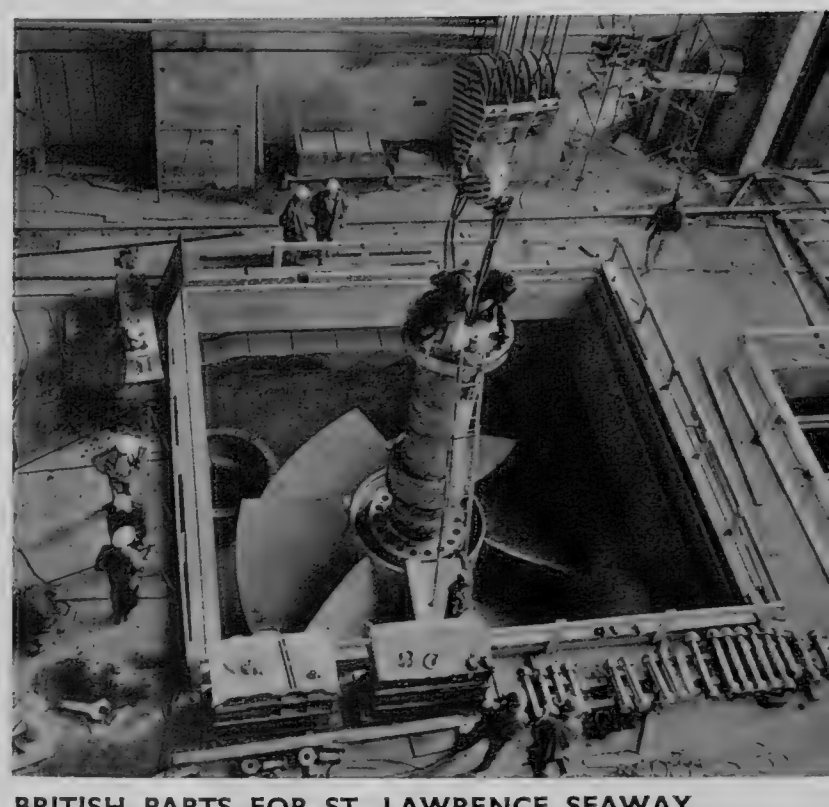
The Hinkley Point Atomic Power Station, which is being built by the English Electric–Babcock and Wilcox–Taylor Woodrow Atomic Power Group, will be the largest in the world when it comes into operation in 1962. At present approximately 1,200 men are employed on the site. Heavy plant and equipment for the station itself will be conveyed by sea, arriving at Combwich, four miles away, where a wharf capable of handling ships of up to 1,500 tons has been constructed in six months.

A NEW "MONITOR ROOF" FOR ELECTRONICS EXPANSION

For the extensions for the Solartron Electronic Group Ltd., the first stage of which is now nearing completion at Tower Hill, Farnborough, Hants, one of the most advanced forms of building construction is being used. This is the Arcon Monitor Roof, the new prefabricated system developed by the Arcon Group for flat-roof buildings, which provides for "monitor type" lighting. The Arcon Monitor Roof has been designed primarily for use where wide, uninterrupted areas of floor space are required, together with ample natural overhead lighting, whose density and distribution can be varied according to need. The first section of the factory, covering an area of about 50,000 sq. ft., is due to come into production this month.

When the remainder of the contract is completed, by 1962, the total area, over 300,000 sq. ft., will represent the largest single Arcon building development to date, in the United Kingdom. A textile mill to be completed later this year, at Shahi, Persia, is of approximately the same area.

For the Solartron building, a new type of construction is being used for the external wall. Special concrete blocks with an exposed aggregate surface have been designed by the architects, Raglan Squire and Partners. The contractors are Taylor Woodrow Construction Ltd.

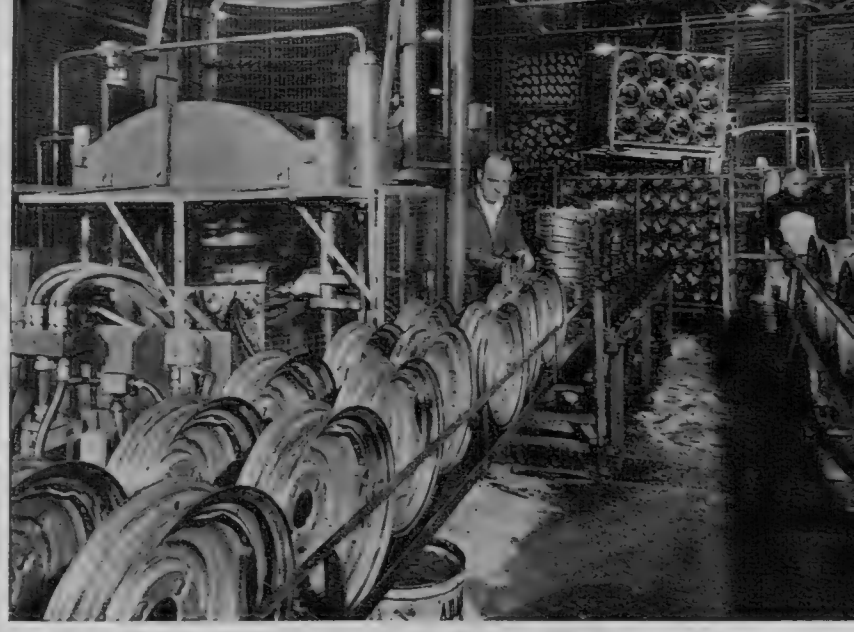


BRITISH PARTS FOR ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

The first of sixteen 76,500-b.h.p. fixed-blade propeller turbines for the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission's side of the vast St. Lawrence Seaway project in North America is seen during assembly in the station's erection bay. The propeller turbines were designed by the English Electric Company's Rugby works and are being manufactured by their associates, John Inglis Company Limited, of Toronto.

The St. Lawrence Seaway is due to be opened by the Queen next May. When it is completed, large vessels will be able to proceed up the channel cut through the centre of North America as far as Duluth. Hitherto the Seaway has been navigable for deep-draught ships for its first 1,000 miles, from its mouth in the Atlantic up to Quebec and on to Montreal.

PRODUCING WHEEL CENTRES AT THE DUNLOP FACTORY IN COVENTRY: Men are seen at work on the large in-line transfer presses which produce vehicle wheel centres. The line consists of four presses each weighing 60 tons, a 250-ton lead press and three 550-ton machines.



THE PRODUCTION OF WHEELS: In the Dunlop Rim and Wheel Company's factory at Coventry, men are at work on the wheel and rim assembly line. The new line produces the rim in thirteen operations, seven of them completely automatic. It eliminates wasteful manhandling and is quicker.

PROGRESS IN WHEEL MANUFACTURE

As long ago as 1908, Dunlop realised that however well-made its tyres, their performance depended greatly upon wheel design. As a result, the Dunlop Rim and Wheel Company was formed at Coventry which, to-day, turns out wheels for all types of vehicles and machines.

Two components go to make up a wheel—the rim and the wheel centre—and the manufacture of these has been revolutionised by the introduction of automatic techniques. As well as being faster and more economical, the new machinery improves the quality of the finished product. The transfer press line for wheel centres consists of four presses each weighing 60 tons, a 250-ton lead press and three 550-ton machines. The presses ensure an automatic feed and transfer system which collects the output of one press and feeds it directly to the next. By including a piercing operation at the third forming stage, the centre can also be produced on four instead of five presses as previously.

The new rim line produces the rim in thirteen operations. By cutting to length and circling on the first machine, man-handling of the heavy coil is eliminated. With the new method the profile is not formed until the later stages of production, as the flat cross-section makes welding and joint-dressing easier. By enclosing the welding jaws in a fume-extraction cabinet, the job is made cleaner. The weld flash is silently removed with a surface broaching cutter. This is followed by an edge-grinding operation on a double-headed machine. The time cycle for each operation has been balanced so that the slight variations in work speed that occur at the manually-operated stages are easily rectified by the metering devices on the subsequent automatic machines. The latter accept, locate and form each rim.

The World of Books

JAMES I—WISE MAN OR FOOL?

A Reassessment of the First Stuart King; the Aborigines of Australia; Another Yorkshire Tale by Phyllis Bentley; Three Novels of Political Tension

JAMES I of England and VI of Scotland said some quite remarkable things in his day but it was *about* him that the most memorable dictum was made and that by Henri IV of France, *le Vert Galant*. For his highly interesting study of the reign of James I, Mr. William McElwee has taken this saying for his title and THE WISEST FOOL IN CHRISTENDOM (Faber and Faber. 25s.) reflects two of the facets of a complex but by no means negligible character. For James was certainly an oddity, contradictory in both his personal inclinations and his policies and single-minded about only one cause which was the preservation of his royal prerogative.

Although he lived on equable terms with his wife and children and was considerate of the ladies of the Court, even the wife of a current favourite, his conduct was principally determined by his successive enthusiasms for the qualities of younger, good-looking men who, either from venality or stupidity, accepted the role he was only too anxious to give them. The Queen, more normally, detested the favourites and was a focus for the opposition to such a one as the Earl of Somerset through whom the Howard family had an ascendancy. When George Villiers, later to be Duke of Buckingham, began his spectacular rise in James' favour, Somerset fought with every weapon at his command to discredit the new light, not realising that James would have asked nothing better than to have retained his friendship as well as the devotion of "that same naughtie boy, George Villiers." The end for Somerset was the Tower, a trial and banishment to the country, whereas Villiers rose in popularity, as far as the King was concerned and, as far as the country could judge, to the virtual direction of the affairs of England at home and abroad.

It could scarcely be argued that James I was a good king but there are arguments to be used in his favour and, typically, he used one himself when opening Parliament some years before his death. Comparing himself to his predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, he said: "I will not say I have governed as well as she did, but I may say we have had as much peace in our time as in hers." As the author of this immensely readable, lucid book sums it up, the impact of James I on men and events was a good deal less disastrous than that of his far more conscientious son.

CONTENT TO LIE IN THE SUN (Robert Hale. 18s.) represents the claims of travel books in this week's collection and is a far from commonplace volume of recollections by Mr. W. E. Harney who once made a very successful broadcast, *I Live As I Please*, and who is said, by those who know, to have more experience and understanding of Australian aborigines than anyone else at the present time. Mr. Harney's life has, to put it mildly, been adventurous and it is still far from peaceful or luxurious though he might insist that he has a degree of both. When he was twelve years old he left his family, who were unsuccessfully looking for gold in the Northern Territory, and got himself a job as a cattle drover, wandering from cattle station to cattle station until the First World War. After service abroad he went back to Australia and for a while had his own enterprise of gathering wild cattle, about as uncomfortable a job, I would have thought, as a man could devise. Perhaps he thought so too, for after a while Mr. Harney acquired a small sailing vessel and started trading up and down the coast of North Australia, continually adding to his knowledge of the "black fellers" until he was appointed Patrol Officer with a special assignment to look after the interests of the aborigines and was frequently included in anthropological expeditions. To-day he is a ranger living hundreds of miles west of Alice Springs which, whatever Mr. Shute may say, is by no means the hub of the universe.

Mr. Harney's present book, which ambles along in a pleasantly discursive style, deals more with aborigine life than with his own. It is modest, sometimes bluffly amusing and quite exceptionally full of information on subjects as diverse as the weather, crocodile hunting or droving days. Photographs, too, some of the older ones slightly fuzzy but all of them relevant and one or two quite rare.

Opening bat for the novelists (and as a good Yorkshirewoman I know she will not mind the analogy) is Dr. Phyllis Bentley, whose ability to tell a good, close-knit story has always seemed to be as inborn as an aborigine's tracking sense. CRESCENDO (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is no exception and, indeed, I am not sure that this novel is not one of the most finely constructed of all her tales. The scene is the familiar one of a Yorkshire wool town and one of the principal characters is a middle-aged man brought up to work in the mills and now a respected foreman with a family and grandchildren. It is in his relations with his family, his employers and his fellow workers that the author expresses her theme which, although simply stated, is a profound one.

In a brief opening chapter a young man, clerk in the Borough Treasurer's office, is arguing in a friendly way with his father-in-law that not every trivial, human action must necessarily have its consequences, whereas the older man contends that, on the contrary, the shortest step off the narrow path may have an effect on the whole structure of a society. Disagreeing, the clerk instances the fact that he has himself left his work a few minutes early that very day and that his action could not, in any probability, have affected anyone but himself. The story that follows illustrates the chain reaction that, in fact, was started by that tiny defection, and it is absorbing, dramatic and, above all, tautly-written.

Mr. Philip Callow is a young writer whose very individual talent is clear to see in COMMON PEOPLE (Heinemann. 15s.), a novel which is stimulating because of the freshness of its impressions, as if each experience in it were being enjoyed or endured for the first time, and

AN AMERICAN NOVELIST ON HIS BRIGANTINE IN THE POOL OF LONDON: Mr. Ernest Gann (right), reputedly one of the highest-paid authors in the United States, is seen on the deck of his vessel *Albatros* against the background of Tower Bridge. With him are, from left, Mr. J. Attenborough, of Hodder and Stoughton, Mrs. Daff, Mr. Daff, Vice-President of Universal International, and Miss Dodie Post, the international skier, who was navigator for *Albatros* in the brigantine's recent trans-Atlantic voyage.

a cause of occasional uneasiness, even distaste, because of its uncompromising realism. I don't know how many people care to read the physiological details of a difficult childbirth but I confess that I am not one of them. This kind of shock treatment hasn't even originality to recommend it nowadays. But with that exception Mr. Callow does create a world of his own that, besides being believable, is sharply limned and filled with people who are as real and as much akin to fact as the elements.

END OF A SUMMER'S DAY (Allen and Unwin. 15s.), by Mr. Adrian Vincent, could be called a tribute to the part that nostalgia plays in the life of even a young man, or it could be described as an intellectual adventure during which such a young man sees himself clearly for the first time and realises that he may have dreamed too much of his more or less happy childhood, to the point where it was conditioning his more or less unhappy maturity. Mr. Vincent has a plain but not unattractive style which is at its most appealing when he is not confusing flatness with simplicity. His word pictures of a seaside town are really evocative but the background that is most firmly sketched in is the local cinema as seen from the behind-the-screen or Wardour Street side.

The next three novels have foreign settings and atmospheres of high, political tension: a sign of the times, perhaps, in which fiction may come so close to being the mirror of fact. THE BAD SUMMER (Hodder and Stoughton. 13s. 6d.) is about present-day Cyprus and has the distinction of a comment by Field-Marshal Lord Harding who writes: "The blame for tragedies such as those so tellingly described in this story belongs to the priests and politicians who hatched the wicked plot of terror in Cyprus, and gave their blessing to such evil deeds." Mr. John Appleby knows his Cyprus well. Besides being an experienced writer, he has worked for many years for the B.B.C. and in radio organisations abroad. He was also News Editor of the Cyprus Broadcasting Service and can therefore be said to have an authentic view of the misery and corruption from which the island is suffering. To be authoritative, of course, doesn't always mean that one is a good or exciting writer, but in this case we have an author who is both.

LEGACY OF A SPY (Heinemann. 15s.) has Austria for a background and Kitzbühel as a focal point for its tale of clean-limbed Americans combating the Russian menace. The season is that locally devoted to winter sports and there is considerable evidence that Mr. Henry S. Maxfield is either an excellent skier himself or an inspired observer of these intrepid creatures. All the snow stuff, as it were, ski techniques, Olympic runs, cable-cars, ice-bound roads, and the like, are admirably described and so are the inns with their outdoor murals and the little *pensions* with their huge feather-quilted beds. The story, too, which I seem to be coming to a little tardily, is reasonably exciting and at least three of the minor characters are good, three-dimensional figures.

Mr. Lennox Cook's NO LANGUAGE BUT A CRY (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) has less truck with spies and is a more straightforward story of tensions in a big timber concern in the Far East. However, since the place is Bangkok for the most part, and the time the present, the strain of political unrest is never long absent, echoing the uncertainties and jealousies of the personal relationships which are the book's *raison d'être*. Mr. Cook writes with an admirable crispness, drily and wittily, and his book has real distinction. It also has some of the most natural dialogue that I have read for a long time.

Most of the people in Mr. Thurman Warriner's thriller, THE GOLDEN LANTERN (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), go down to the sea in ships for nefarious purposes. This is a straightforward spy-and-menace story with undertones of blackmail, murder and smuggling just to keep things lively. I couldn't approve the hero's taste in food: sausages with plenty of gravy sounds an odd kind of dish to be demanding. But technically this story is a more than workmanlike job and the use and misuse of boats has been evolved with great ingenuity.

Vernon Fane

Was the life of Albert Einstein one of the world's greatest tragedies—not a tragedy of his own making, but a consequence of his betrayal? In FORMULA FOR DEATH (Allan Wingate. 15s.) Fernand Gigon describes how Einstein, in the years between the discovery of the hydrogen bomb and his own death, had reached certain conclusions: that the energy within the atom, once liberated, affects body and mind alike and is a poison to them both; it kills the body, it destroys the peace of the mind. This conviction, says Gigon, darkened the last years of the brilliant scientist's life. He felt that other than scientific solutions were needed to deal with the problems arising from atomic energy; he understood very clearly that mankind was rushing to perdition if it failed to think out the new problems that had been posed. Einstein, it seems, had sought from Roosevelt certain safeguards which were to be put into operation before the first of the atomic bombs was made ready for trial. Then Roosevelt died, the Truman regime took over, and the masters of the Pentagon, it seems, forgot the promises that had been made to Einstein. After Hiroshima and Nagasaki it is recorded that Einstein was constrained to say: "If I had only known I would have been a locksmith." Mr. Gigon's book is a tragic document.

"Writing is not a profession, but a vocation of unhappiness." At any rate, that is what Georges Simenon, the world's most prolific novelist, told the interviewer who went to see him at his comfortable Connecticut home to prise from him some of the secrets of the literary life. In WRITERS AT WORK (Secker and Warburg. 21s.) Malcolm Cowley has brought together a series of such interviews, with E. M. Forster, François Mauriac, Joyce Cary, Dorothy Parker,

EINSTEIN'S PREMONITIONS

The Great Scientist and the H-Bomb

James Thurber, Thornton Wilder, Angus Wilson and, of course, Françoise Sagan. In most of the interviews Mr. Cowley's emissaries have been supremely successful in delineating the character and outlook of the writer concerned. Sagan, in particular, emerges as an unspoilt little thing, for all her aura of wealth and fast cars, and a shrewd one to boot, who has clearly marked off the boundaries of her own considerable talent. Wilder also interviews well. When asked what other writers he admires he feels it necessary to say that he is always in the midst of a whole succession of very stormy admirations up and down literature, "but every now and then I lose one; very sad."

Students of British archæology will welcome L. V. Grinsell's THE ARCHÆOLOGY OF WESSEX (Methuen. 42s.), a massive work of scholarship describing most of the known field antiquities of this renowned area. The author, who is Curator in Archæology at the City Museum, Bristol, has visited at least once almost every site described, and has had the advantage of constant consultation with experts.

Faber and Faber have entered the Paper-Back Market, starting off with five titles which they will bring up to a round dozen in mid-August. This economical style clearly makes a strong appeal, and the fare is rich and varied. Arnold Silcock's VERSE AND WORSE is a delightful private collection of rhyming

EDWARDIAN CHILDHOOD IN DOCKLAND

If the spirit is there, and willing, the memories of childhood spent in slums can smell sweet, and childhood itself can blossom in the dust. In THE SHABBY PARADISE (Hutchinson. 18s.) Eileen Baillie has shown how these things can be done; and in a very charming piece of writing. Her father left fashionable Bayswater for a slum parish in Poplar and found the job, with all its terrible contrasts, more to his taste, though he had all the qualities of a Squireson; indeed, he liked a day's hunting and even enjoyed it in what is now a built-up area of Greater London.

The child (the authoress) as "the parson's brat" was safe to wander at will with her nurse in streets the police feared, and made her playground the docks. Her nursery window was a front seat in the dress circle for all the ugly melodrama of slum life at closing-time outside the pubs—most terrible of all, the fighting-drunk wives, scenes which I recollect were fairly familiar to children in the West End also on Saturday nights in Victorian times, when gin was very cheap. Because she writes with wit and frankness and a deep humanity, she justifies her title and we are prepared to understand her *nostalgie de la boue*. The flowers of her childhood could, and did, blossom in that dust, for her parents imported a mule's burden of good earth. I recommend her book and compare her (with all the contrasts) with Gwen Raverat and L. E. Jones.

John Gore

AN OUTSTANDING EXPONENT OF THE ART OF SPANISH DANCING: Antonio dances with his partner at his debut in Paris. The picture is reproduced from *Antonio and Spanish Dancing*, by Elsa Brunelleschi (A. and C. Black. 18s.). The author is herself an expert on Spanish dances. With plentiful illustrations, she relates the story of how Antonio learnt to dance at a very early age, when she saw him at the Realito school in Seville, made his reputation in his own country, and then won international fame. Much of the book is concerned with his partnership with Rosario, which lasted for 25 years.

sense and nonsense. T. S. ELIOT'S COLLECTED POEMS, 1909-1935, will appeal to a special circle of admirers in the poetic field. Fiction is represented by William Golding's LORD OF THE FLIES; J. W. Dunne's AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME is another likely seller, while Frank Morison's WHO MOVED THE STONE? is a most unusual and provocative study that will create the deepest interest. This quintette are all priced at 5s., but this has not been set as a standard price for the series.

Admiral Sir William Jameson is a writer of trenchant prose, and many will remember his story of the *Ark Royal*. Now he has written something different. His account of THE WANDERING ALBATROSS (Hart Davis. 16s.), illustrated with his own photographs and the drawings of Peter Shepheard, is a really delightful book. The albatross, the greatest sea-bird in the world, provides a rich subject for a monograph, but readers will no doubt find most fascinating Admiral Jameson's description of its aeronautical prowess, how it can maintain height and position by using the varying speeds of different layers of air. The albatross dwells only in the windiest parts of the world, using the wind to keep it gliding for hours without ever flapping its wings.

THE BOOK OF THE GARDEN POND (Stanley Paul. 16s.) is the work of George Hervey and Jack Hems, who have collaborated to produce a work for the garden-lover who is introduced to a wide range of plants and a variety of fishes without being submitted to a catalogue. The authors seem to have struck just the right note between a technical book and an essay.

R. C. E.

AT THE ORDINATION: Father Bormann, son of Hitler's deputy, holds a candle in his ordination as priest at Innsbruck, in Austria.

THE BISHOP OFFICIATES: Dr. Wecher, the Suffragan, reads from the Missal in the Church. Father Bormann is in right foreground.

A SYMBOLIC RITE: Father Martin Bormann washes his hands during the ordination service. The bearded young man is the son of Martin Bormann, senior, who was Deputy Leader to Hitler in the latter period of the war. In the last days of Berlin it is presumed Reichsleiter Bormann was killed by a Russian tank.

The ordination of Father Martin Bormann in the Jesuit Church in Innsbruck, in Austria, has reminded the world of an unsolved mystery. His father was Martin Bormann, who was the Deputy Leader to Hitler in the last four years of the war. Martin Bormann, senior, was a Nazi in 1926 at the age of twenty-six. After Hitler's accession to power he was appointed Chief of Staff to Rudolf Hess, then the Deputy Leader. When in May 1941 Hess made his crazy flight to Scotland, Bormann succeeded him. By 1945 he was one of the three most influential politicians in Germany, the others being Goebbels and Himmler, who was rapidly losing authority. Hitler himself was living in a world of unreality, dictating orders for troops which did not exist to fight battles in areas from which the German Army had long retreated. In April 1945 Bormann was one of those who stayed with his Leader in the bunker below the doomed Chancellery in Berlin. After Hitler had committed suicide, he tried to escape from the ruins of the German capital. He was last seen making his way along a street into which Russian tanks had entered. It is believed that he was shot dead. At the Nuremberg trials he was tried *in absentia* and condemned to death. Rumours still persist in Germany that he is alive.

Bormann the elder was a violent opponent of Christianity, once declaring that it "could not be reconciled" with Nazism. Therefore, there is irony, if not Divine justice, in the fact that his son, who was singled out for future high position in National Socialism, should have found a vocation to become a Roman Catholic priest.

A NAZI LEADER'S SON BECOMES A PRIEST

THE CONSECRATION OF THE PRIESTS: The ordinands kneel in the Sanctuary at the most solemn moment in the ordination service. Father Bormann was a godson of the Fuehrer. After the war he turned his back on his Nazi upbringing. Having taken a course of training at a theological college, he has now entered the priesthood.

BIG BOOST FOR BRITISH CARS

Successes in the Alpine Trial; Bus Strike Traffic Census; the Car Boom; New Enterprises; British Drivers Abroad; a British Luxury Car in the U.S.; New Road Books; and Other Motoring Notes

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THERE 'S no stopping the Sunbeam Rapier. I do not, of course, mean that there is anything wrong with the brakes of this Rootes Group product! I am referring to the long list of competition successes gained by the 1½-litre Rapier since the new model was announced six months ago. Although its latest victory was an outright win in Uganda's Mount Elgon Rally, it is the Rapier's class win in the gruelling Alpine Trial of which Sir William Rootes and his colleagues must be feeling particularly proud just now. This Rapier was driven by Peter Harper, of Stevenage, and Peter Jopp, of London, who were one of only seven teams to win an Alpine Cup for penalty-free runs. In general classification they came sixth, the first three places being filled by Alfa-Romeos.

Sandwiched between these Italian cars and the best of the Rapiers were a British Triumph TR3 (driven into fourth place by Keith Ballisat and Alan Bertaut) and a British Ford Zephyr (in which Edward Harrison and Robert Habershon finished fifth). Both these cars gained Alpine Cups, as did the Austin-Healey of Shepherd and Williamson, which finished seventh. This means that four of the seven cups awarded in the most difficult Alpine Trial yet held went to British cars.

If I seem to have laid special emphasis on the Rapier's success in the "Alpine" it is because of the car's consistent record in this form of motor sport; and also, perhaps, because I have lately driven thousands of miles in both saloon and convertible Rapiers and have come to admire the car's liveliness, reliability and comfort. It has an extremely willing engine and an excellent gear-box controlled by a central lever which is a joy to operate. Both the Rapiers I have been using are fitted with a Laycock-de Normanville overdrive controlled by a little lever under the steering-wheel. The extra high ratio is extremely useful for fast touring.

During the first four weeks of the London bus strike London Transport took a traffic census between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m. at fifty-four entry-points to the central area. What surprised them most was the large number of cars containing only the driver or one passenger. Nearly half the cars were empty, apart from the driver, and three out of every five of the remainder carried only one passenger. Normally, the average carload is 1·5 persons. During the strike it rose to only 1·9 persons. In the first week of the strike the number of cars driven into Central London between 7 a.m. and 10 a.m. rose from 46,000 to 72,700—an increase of 58 per cent.

By the fourth week the total had dropped to 67,500. That is only 47 per cent. up on normal. Presumably, says London Transport, a large number of motorists made other arrangements when they found so much congestion and had such difficulty in parking. They may be right in this assumption as far as parking difficulties were concerned, but most motorists would agree that there was less congestion than usual. In fact, the absence of the buses permitted an appreciably faster traffic flow in most parts of Central London.

Up to the end of June Britain's car factories were still turning out cars at a record rate and the output and export figures for the first half of 1958 are most encouraging. The number of cars built was 550,669 compared with 388,572 in the first six months of last year. Exports totalled 250,883, as against 204,946. These are fine achievements, but the industry realises that more difficult times may lie ahead. The car export figures for June—when only 32,197 cars were shipped overseas, compared with 38,054 in June 1957—are themselves indicative of the way in which markets are hardening in various parts of the world.

From the R.A.C. comes news of two new enterprises. They have started a Travel Service and have formed an Association of R.A.C. Registered Motor Schools and Driving Instructors. The Travel Service, to be in the charge of Mr. Alan Gregg, will be equipped to handle all matters relating to all kinds of travel at home and abroad by car, motor-cycle, aircraft, ship, rail or coach. It will be available to motorists and non-motorists alike, whether members of the Club or not. Announcing the scheme, Mr. Wilfrid Andrews, chairman of the Club, said they were following a lead set by the national motoring clubs of other countries.

The main aims of the Club's new activity in the realm of driving schools are to protect and promote the interests of qualified instructors; to encourage a high ethical standard among registered driving schools and to improve the standard of service to the public. It is nearly a quarter of a century since the R.A.C. initiated a scheme for testing driving instructors. At present there are 1,688 instructors holding the R.A.C.'s certificate of registration. The Club's register of approved motor schools which employ only instructors with R.A.C. certificates now contains 114 names.

There is already in existence a Motor Schools' Association, but it is not fully representative of the driving-school movement. For instance, the British School of Motoring, the biggest of them all, with branches in many different towns, has resolutely refused to link up with this Association.

While on the subject of driving instruction, I was interested to read the other day an announcement by the Institute of Advanced Motorists analysing the occupations of a cross-section of recent candidates for membership. It gave the following break-down: trade and commerce, 27·5 per cent. (including a figure of 15 per cent. for directors, senior executives and managers); professional men, 26·25 per cent. (including 12 per cent. engineers and 7·25 per cent. accountants, solicitors and surveyors); Civil Servants and teachers, 4·75 per cent.; members of H.M. Forces, 4·5 per cent.; professional drivers (including chauffeurs and driving instructors), 10 per cent.; housewives, 8 per cent.; miscellaneous, 19 per cent.

A NEW TAXI FOR LONDON: For the passenger it means more leg- and head-room, a heater and increased safety. For the driver, there is fully-automatic control, better seating and an electrically-operated meter. The taxi, with a nearside door enclosing the luggage platform, will begin duty in London early next year, at the rate of fifty a week.

G.B. plates abound on Continental roads these days. There has never been a year quite like this one for motoring holidays by British families in France, Italy, Spain, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland and the Scandinavian countries.

The A.A. reports that whereas in the first six months of last year 85,000 members applied for foreign touring documents, in the first half of 1958 the total jumped to 102,000. "Last year's record figures will be exceeded long before we get to the end of the present year," said an A.A. official. "Last year we issued 127,000 sets of foreign touring documents. It will be only a matter of weeks before the 1958 total will pass that figure."

As far as my own observations have gone, British motorists have, on the whole, been driving carefully and courteously on the Continent. There is much less of that slap-happy attitude which was so much in evidence just after the war. British motorists at one time seemed to think that France's traffic laws did not apply to them at all. They took little trouble to familiarise themselves with the French regulations, ignored speed limits and refused to believe that cars really did give priority to vehicles coming from their right. That is largely changed, partly because the news has got around that French traffic "cops" have power to impose on-the-spot fines for such offences as ignoring solid white lines.

Some time ago I referred to the refrigerating unit evolved by the Rolls-Royce Company for the benefit of customers in hot countries, including the U.S. Now, a car at the other end of the price scale, the Hillman Minx, is boosting sales in the U.S. by offering a real air-conditioning unit as an optional fitting for around £100. The Rootes Group has had the equipment specially designed for them in the U.S. Like the Rolls-Royce system, it works on the same principle as the average domestic "fridge" and—again like the Rolls and Bentley models—it is fitted in the boot.

The Minx is said to be Britain's best-selling single make in America, beaten only by Germany's Volkswagen and France's Renault Dauphine. Rootes Group sales experts are convinced that the Minx's "hip-pocket" "fridge" has made a big contribution to the car's popularity in a country where many motorists regard an air-conditioning plant as essential as a steering-wheel.

I have just spent a pleasant half-hour browsing through the A.A.'s new illustrated version of their famous *Road Book of England and Wales*. It contains 1,700 drawings, based on photographs taken by the A.A. over a period of four years, of historical buildings, objects of archæological interest, quaint inn signs, eccentric direction posts, and the like. These admirable sketches add greatly to the value of the A.A. *Road Book*, which contains 830 itineraries, a 320-page gazetteer listing more than 6,000 towns and villages, 60 pages of touring maps and a 21-page London section. The illustrated *Road Book* can be bought by A.A. members for 30s. The ordinary version is still available, price 20s. Just out, too, is the A.A. booklet, *Routes to Austria*—a companion to the booklets already published for the benefit of members who want to study alternative routes from England to the French Riviera, the Costa Brava and Italy. The new guide offers a wide choice of outward and return routes by way of the Rhine, the Black Forest and Switzerland. *Routes to Austria* is available to members free of charge from any A.A. office.

Now for a brief round-up of the rest of the motoring news . . .

The 1958 Mobilgas Economy Run (1,696 miles from Brussels to Biarritz) was won by a Frenchman driving a Dyna Panhard (61·9 m.p.g.), but a British Standard Sportsman driven by Mr. George Heaps, of Cardiff, won the "over 2 litres" class with a consumption figure of 35 m.p.g. . . .

BREAKING PRODUCTION RECORDS: The 250,000th vehicle to be produced at Longbridge since last August reaches the body-finishing track. The production of the vehicle, an Austin A.55, sets up a new record for the Longbridge plant of B.M.C. On the right is Mr. Burton, Production Director. On the left is Mr. Edwards, finishing shop manager.

Marconi's Wireless Telegraph Company are producing the first radar speed-check equipment to be designed and manufactured in Great Britain, and they claim "PETA" (Portable Electronic Traffic Analyser) can discriminate between individual vehicles even in dense traffic . . .

M. Pierre Dreyfus, head of Renault, the nationalised French car firm, visited London recently to approve details of a £250,000 expansion programme at their Acton (W.3) assembly plant . . .

Mercedes-Benz are introducing a hard-top version of their 300SL Roadster . . .

The annual luncheon in London of the Circle of Nineteenth-Century Motorists attracted an attendance of twenty members out of the forty-two who survive from among the original membership of more than 600 . . .

A four-door sports saloon version of the Bentley Continental which has been built for Mr. Jack Barclay, the Rolls and Bentley distributor, by James Young Ltd., the Bromley (Kent) coachbuilding firm which he owns, has a violet finish, champagne hide upholstery, interior cabinet work in veneered walnut and the initials "J.B." in gold on the front doors . . .

The New Royal Naval Establishment at Manadon

On the historic Plymouth scene is an imposing new landmark—the Officers' Mess at Manadon, recently completed by Costain's.

A development of the Royal Naval Engineering College, it provides residential quarters for 204 officers undergoing technical training. It is impressively planned and makes every provision for study and recreation.

Designed and completed on behalf of the Admiralty by the Ministry of Works

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I want to know what it feels like to be a Statesman.

Just like Dad, in fact.

Dad often has to entertain big government people from abroad . . . he's very cosmopolygon, or something.

And he always offers his distinguished guests **Whyte & Mackays.**

I remember the Iberian Minister who asked if it was right or not to put soda in one's whisky, and Dad said, yes, it was right or not, according to one's taste. Many people preferred a long drink.

"But there are others, of whom I am one," Dad said, "who so revere their **Whyte & Mackays** that they drink it neat."

* * * * *

"Sublime whisky, **Whyte & Mackays,**" Dad says. "A voluptuous pandering to the sybarite in us. **Whyte & Mackays** Special is the very quintessence of splendid whisky."

(Dad's always been noted for his speeches.)

But you should hear him when he bangs on the table here, just like on the Despatch Box, and says how hard it is to get **Whyte & Mackays** because of those (unparliamentary language) Scots who believe that **Whyte & Mackays** is their very own whisky! Well, we must all come to the aid of the Party, and so I'll leave this **Whyte & Mackays** to Dad.

ME . . . WITH THIS BOTTLE? WHY, NOTHING DAD! JUST ANTICIPATING THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMAN'S WISH FOR A **Whyte & Mackays.**

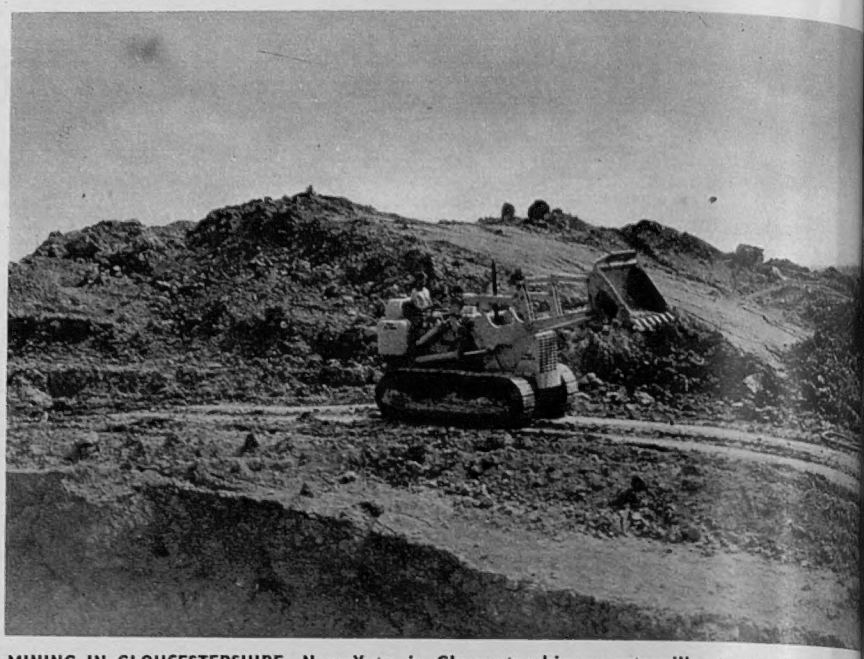
N° 5 - GARDENIA - CUIR DE RUSSIE - N° 22 - BOIS DES ILES

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

MINING FOR SULPHATE

The World's Richest Source of Strontium Sulphate is in Gloucestershire



MINING IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE: Near Yate, in Gloucestershire, a caterpillar tractor is used to uncover strontium sulphate, which is being despatched in quantity to the United States. The strontium sulphate at Yate is the richest and purest in the world.

Not far away from the little village of Yate, in South Gloucestershire, is buried the richest and purest source of strontium sulphate to be found anywhere in the world. Large quantities are now being shipped to the United States. Strontium is found in Britain in two forms—the sulphate or celestite and the carbonate or strontianate. For most commercially pure compounds, celestite from the Gloucestershire deposits is preferred.

Celestite is formed mostly of white or pink crystals, though the infrequent tinge of "Celestial blue" has given to it its name of Celestite. It occurs sporadically in boulders which may weigh from a few pounds to a ton and is mined a few feet below the surface of sedimentary deposits such as clay, limestone and sandstone.

Strontium is processed into numerous chemical forms of which strontium nitrate is one of the most important used in the United States. It has the quality of imparting a deep red colour to flame and is used extensively in pyrotechnics, for parachute and aeroplane landing flares, for distress and railway signals and for tracer ammunition.

On left—

CRYSTALS LIKE PIECES OF ICE: Celestite occurs in soft tabular crystals and in fibrous masses. It is white, often with a bluish or reddish tinge. It is used as a source of strontium hydroxide for the sugar-beet industry, in fireworks and in special paints.

"CAT NO. 955" AT WORK: The loaded bucket is lifted clear from the hole in the ground. During operations, the top soil is separately stored, the land being subsequently restored, fertilised and reseeded. Strontium was first discovered in England in 1808.

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1958. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

Speaking for BRITAIN

What does Operation Britain mean to us?

AT HOME AND ABROAD, too little is known or even remembered of the great and active part that Britain plays today in the world. *We* feel it. *We* believe in it. But is this enough?

For what is Britain? She is neither more nor less than we, her people, make her. She is our united efforts; she is our pride; she is our energy, our wisdom and our talents.

Ours is a vital nation: and it is to tell of this vitality that we formed Operation Britain, gathering together eminent men from all parts of British life—experts in their own fields of activity: labour, management, government—united by their belief in Britain's future.

At home, we must look beyond our British understatements, and, seeing our real strength, build to greater strength. Abroad, we must ensure that our achievements are assessed at their real worth to the world and the world's future.

Ours is a heritage no longer bounded by the seas: ours is a vital role in world affairs. It is only by knowing this, each one of us aware of our real ability, that we can build towards the future that is our birthright—the world's birthright—a future bright with promise.

This is an Operation Britain announcement

It aims to tell the real story of Britain's achievements, to claim for the British people and for British industry the credit that is theirs: and by doing so to reinforce Britain's prestige throughout the world to the benefit of our trade and our standard of living.

The Operation Britain campaigns will appear in the press: as posters: in the form of articles and an information service to home and foreign press and broadcasting units: and are supported by the quarterly publication 'Speaking for Britain'—which goes to all parts of the world.

Operation Britain is a non-profit making non-political organisation. To carry out its nationally important work a steady income is needed, and firms are encouraged to join in the task by becoming Corporate members at the annual subscription of ten guineas: individuals may become members for the sum of two guineas.

Nuclear Energy. *The first artificially-induced atomic fission took place at Cambridge, England, in 1932. British development of nuclear energy for industry has been the first to bear fruit in the world's first atomic power station.*

Electricity. *Electricity as we know it derives from the experiments of British scientist Michael Faraday. Today Britain has the world's most closely integrated electricity supply network: one atomic power station already in service, and eleven more under way.*

Television. *The first public Television service in the world opened in Britain in 1936, based on British inventions and development.*

Jet Power. *British jet engines are the most powerful in the world: British jet engines are the basis of the Western air forces: British propeller-turbine aircraft are winning world markets.*

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